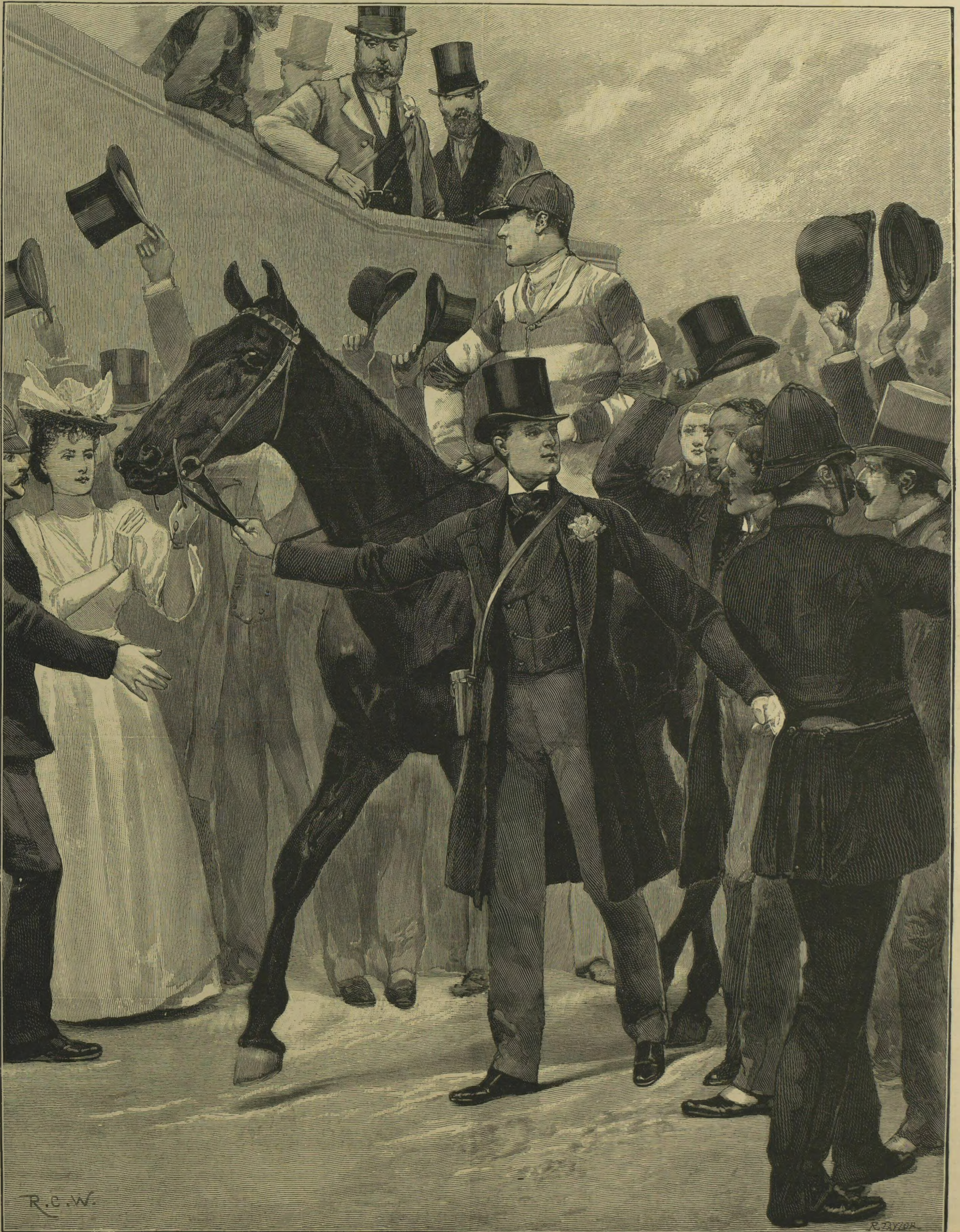


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LORD ROSEBERY LEADING IN LADAS AFTER THE RACE FOR THE DERBY.

"It is no figure of speech to say that the reception accorded after the race to Ladas and his jockey, enthusiastic as it was, seemed tame by comparison with the hurricane of applause which had swept along the course as they passed the post, and which was renewed when Lord Rosebery was seen leading Ladas back to the weighing-enclosure, where he was, of course, overwhelmed with congratulations from men of all ranks and classes of society. It was a remarkable scene, and one which will long be remembered by those who witnessed it."—*The Times*, June 7, 1894.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

There is, one is glad to see, a certain shamefacedness in those who invent novel engines of destruction. The more mer they kill a minute the more they are heralded as guarantees of universal peace, much as that very unpleasant dagger used for "finishing off" an adversary by stabbing him through the bars of his helmet used to be called "the Mercy of God." The latest of these blessings in disguise is M. Turpin's machine-gun, "capable of discharging in all directions shells loaded with a special explosive substance and sweeping away everything around it within a radius of three and three-quarter miles. Even if the three-quarters, as Mr. Mantalini requested in the case of the halfpenny in the bill presented by the bailiff, be disregarded, enough remains to astonish and alarm. Supposing, for example, the instrument located in Pall Mall, persons residing in the Cromwell or Edgware Roads would be equally inconvenienced by it. Against a weapon of this kind Herr Döwe's cuirass would have to be very much enlarged to prove efficacious; it is no use wearing a chest-protector when every other part of the body is liable to be "swept away." Another contribution to philanthropy promised by the same gentleman is, we are told, a shell that bursts with such a very nasty smell that nobody can endure it: no invitations have apparently yet been issued for witnessing this last experiment, to which the same objection applies that prevented the dramatisation of "The Haunted Hotel"; "Since the ghost is a smell," the author used to say regretfully, "it is hopeless to recommend it to any audience; his first appearance would be the signal for a stampede." If poisoning wells is forbidden by the laws of man, one would think that the poisoning of the air would come under the same condemnation; it is, at all events, what is called a very "nice question." People are not frightened by news of these slaughterous inventions, because they are kept pace with by discoveries for the defence. One can imagine, for example, an ingenious general selecting his soldiers for the attack of a battery of this description from those who had colds in their heads: "We dare say you are throwing very nasty things at us" (they would observe through their noses), "but the fact is, we can't smell."

The diner-out who proposes in the *Times* that nobody shall answer an invitation for a week after it has been received, in order to give him a chance of getting a better one in the meantime, has the courage of his opinions. He must have revealed his name, at all events, to the editor. One is afraid, however, he is not apprehensive about hurting people's feelings, as he cannot suppose his would-be hosts would have any doubt of the cause of his delay in accepting their hospitality. When an author does not reply at once to a publisher's offer it is not attributed to forgetfulness; it is generally understood that he is hoping to get a bigger one from somebody else. There is a fine old story that should contain a reproof for the picker and chooser of his dinner invitations. A gentleman who had been invited out by A happened to be acquainted with the next-door neighbour of his host, B, and on descending from his hackney-coach saw a haunch of venison roasting at the latter's fire. As he has no expectation of such fare at A's he coolly changes his destination and is welcomed by B to "pot luck." This he believes to be a modest phrase for venison, till the banquet appears in the shape of some bacon and eggs. It turns out that B's kitchen range was larger than his neighbour's, and A had obtained permission to get his *pièce de résistance* cooked there.

Diners-out nowadays are less impulsive; they are understood to keep a "comparative list" of their various hosts, which enables them to judge at a glance whether it is worth while to accept an invitation. There is, first of all, the cook to be considered, and then the company, or some people may put it the other way; then there are the claret and the coffee and the cigars, and the presence (or absence) of the gentler sex, to be taken into the account. It would, in fact, be a complicated business but for the "comparative list," which indicates by an ingenious cipher the advantages and disadvantages peculiar to each Amphitryon. Tediousness, produced by too many courses, figures, no doubt, among the latter; but this is a fault, though common to dinner-parties, not necessarily confined to them. Mr. Hay, afterwards Lord Newton, one of the judges of the Court of Session, often dined alone, not by any means quickly. A client once called on him at four o'clock, and, to his surprise, heard from the servant that his master was at dinner. "Why, I thought he dined at five," said the visitor. "Well, yes, Sir, so he does, but this is his yesterday's dinner." The *Times* dining-out correspondent is not, however, quite so particular as he would perhaps have us believe, or why should he feel it necessary—even after a week's delay—to accept an invitation for which he has no liking? He reminds me of the remark of a certain very much married gentleman who sat in the next stall to mine at one of the stupidest plays which I ever witnessed: "Stupid? Well, of course it's stupid, but anything is better than an evening at home."

In reading Lord Rosebery's speech at Eton one cannot but be carried away by its force and vivacity; even a man

that had not been an Eton boy might be stirred by it; and yet when the sentiment attaching to school time "comes to be fried," as the Americans term it, there is often little left of its basis. It is necessary, for one thing, to have been at the place some years. If a "lower boy" at Eton remembers his fagging-outs at cricket with delight, he must be very easily pleased; and yet I suppose from one cause or another the average duration of a boy's life at Eton is but brief. It is to be noted, too (though we generally forget it), that the happiest days in our school calendar were those we passed away from it, "on leave." Making every allowance for the occasion, it can scarcely fail to strike an observer that the passionate attachment to his old school so gracefully expressed by the Premier has not caused him much personal inconvenience; even such a local saint's day as the Fourth of June has not tempted him, it seems, to honour it by his presence for nine-and-twenty years, which, considering the short distance from London to Eton and the facilities for going there, shows a little slackness of devotion.

Last week has been a horsey one; the Houyhnhnms (a name which is supposed to be Swift's rendering of a whinney, but which I never could spell) have had the advantage of the Humans, and there has been none to say them "neigh." The occurrence of the Derby opens everybody's stable-door, and out comes his steed, if it be but a Welsh pony, for discussion; indeed, a man with a pony generally believes him to be a greater wonder than any horse. "Only a pony," he says, "but simply perfect and beyond all praise. When once you have shot off his back you will be disgusted with shooting from any other position. And what do you think I paid for him?" This is a very embarrassing inquiry, for though it is evident your friend got him cheap, he will not like you to say "Thirty shillings"; whereas if you say "Thirty pounds" he will be offensively triumphant and exclaim: "No, Sir, nor half the money." It is very difficult, indeed, to please him about that pony. It is not, however, it is to be observed, absolutely priceless: I don't think I ever heard a man speak of his horse as not being for sale, though he may put a fancy price upon it. It is, indeed, in this direction that the imagination of the horsey man finds vent. It is curious to note the enormous increase within the last hundred years of the price of a good weight-carrier. Sir Robert Smyth, in a letter to George Selwyn, thus describes a bargain of a horse which was to be had in his day: "Dr. Thistlewaite is dead, and his horses are to be sold by auction. Among them a little bay gelding, with a full long tail, strong enough to carry you, the mayor, and all the money you ever spent (in elections) at Gloucester together. The doctor, whose weight you know, always shot off his back, and the keeper killed all the deer from him. I mention these circumstances as proofs of his sedateness. He goes fast enough to carry you close to foxhounds in full chase; but if your affairs do not require such expedition a snail would distance him. He is six years old and cost five pounds. Peter Bathurst may bid fifteen or twenty pounds for him and perhaps others may even bid more." An animal endowed with such virtues would now fetch at least two hundred pounds, and, oh Heavens, how his proprietor would talk about him! But if horses have gone up in the market, how much more jockeys! Fifty years ago five hundred guineas was thought a large income for even a Derby winner to earn; at the same time no personal honour was ever paid to a jockey greater than that to Macdonald, the rider of Little Wonder at Epsom: the Queen and Prince Albert both witnessed his victory (in 1860) and presented him after it with a "complimentary whip."

The dinner given to Mr. George Smith, the proprietor of the "National Biography," the other day, by its many contributors, is pleasing evidence that the relations between author and publisher are not in all cases what they have been too commonly represented to be. When a man has made a great deal of money by any undertaking, it is usual enough to feast him, but this has hardly been the motive of the entertainment in question. It has, on the contrary, been a recognition of the pluck and perseverance with which what is understood to have been a heavy loss has been endured for a series of years, in carrying out a work of great public utility. The thing has been attempted more than once. There have been National Biographies that have died almost in infancy; one as early as C, the big D being contributed solely by the proprietor (when he gave it up as a bad job). Few, I believe, have ever before reached middle age. Thirteen is a large family to support, and when he knows there are thirteen more (the other half of the alphabet) to come, it is no wonder that Paterfamilias should feel discouraged. That due praise has been given in the proper quarter is always a matter for congratulation, and still more so, as in this case, when those who have awarded it are the best judges of the difficulties that have been surmounted. But, independently of the immediate object of the banquet in question, it is to be hoped that its occurrence will be the means of a better understanding between authors and publishers generally. It proves that the lion and the lamb can lie down together without the latter being inside, for here there were a hundred lambs, and none of them missing.

One cannot but think that much of the ill-feeling between the two classes in question has been caused by bad language on the one part and irritation on the other. There is no doubt that in old times authors were treated in a very high-handed manner by their employers; but it was despotism tempered by epigram. Everybody remembers that it was said, "Now, Barabbas was a publisher"; and its utterance did not improve matters: you may just as well hang a dog as give him a bad name, and the dog says he may just as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb. This is but human nature, though indeed some authors seem to have considered their publishers as scarcely belonging to it. In those days authors did not give publishers dinners; they had often no dinner for themselves, and hunger sharpened their wits against their natural enemies. Even in these times, and without that incentive, they are sometimes very bitter. They seem to be surprised if, when dealing with "enterprising firms" of whom they know nothing except by advertisement, they get cheated. If they employed a lawyer with no better introduction, do they suppose they would fare better? They complain indeed that the better class of publishers will not bring out their works, so that they are driven to employ outsiders: they might just as well say that they are driven to the pettifoggers because the respectable lawyers will not undertake their cases.

Some years ago there was a sharp controversy as to the obligation of a publisher who had made an unexpectedly large sum by a work to give a portion of his gains to the author. It was contended that if a man bought a picture of a young artist whose subsequent reputation enabled him to sell it for a high price, he was not bound to make a present to him, and that the case of the purchasers was identical; moreover, that as no author ever returned any of the loss he had caused his publisher to suffer, there was no reciprocity; and these arguments on the whole prevailed with at all events the non-literary world. It was the first time, perhaps, the publisher ever scored as regarded the public, who had hitherto only heard the *ex parte* statements on the other side, pleaded by wits and poets who had already won its ear; and yet, if persons really acquainted with the subject had been subpoenaed, and especially if the litigants had been less actuated by pride and antagonism, it would have been shown that there was no general foundation for the quarrel on either side. The case of large unexpected sums arising from a publication is not very common, but I know more than one firm that is in the habit of taking them into the account and returning a very handsome proportion of them—sometimes many hundreds of pounds—to the author; and though it is not usual—chiefly perhaps because they have less money to spare—I have known authors to recoup so far as they were able the loss incurred by their publishers. When they have not money I have even known them offer the copyright of a new book gratuitously for the same purpose. If these things were known—though of course there is a difficulty, from the delicate nature of the case, in revealing them—the relations between author and publisher would probably be far more genial.

"A Beautiful World" is the attractive title of a periodical published by "The Society for Checking the Abuses of Public Advertising." As a rule, its proposals are moderate. The vast wilderness of bricks and mortar called London is hardly worth a blow from its defenders, and they seem more or less to admit the fact. After all, the advertisements on our railway stations are not more depressing than their blank walls would be. If they were only distributed with a little more eye to effect, there would not be much to complain about: only there must be no sky signs. But in the country the circumstances are wholly different: there are other things besides blank walls to look at, and when we arrive at our station we like to know it, and not to have it confused with somebody's mustard, or pills, or tea. No hoardings, save of a temporary nature, should ever be permitted to shut out what is picturesque. The beauties of Durham are, we are told, now hidden from the visitor by the gigantic advertisements of local tradesmen, and even still more offensive is the placarding of our fields and woods. We go into the country for our health, and hope to derive benefit from its beauty and freshness; but we do not require medicines to be recommended to us at every turn. The suggestion of our present crusaders is an excellent one—namely, that placards should be taxed according to their size; the rates to be increased by a sort of arithmetical progression, so that very large hoardings would be treated like millionaires under the new death duties. It would be a good plan to tax them in an inverse ratio to the extent of the surrounding population, so that if the solitude of a beautiful but secluded spot is invaded the advertiser would have to pay in proportion. At the same time I confess I have some sympathy with a remark made, when interviewed, by one of the chief offenders in this way: "You abuse our placards, but have not a word to say against those owners of estates in picturesque parts of the country who surround their domains with a high wall that shuts out the landscape from the eye of the passer-by." The rejoinder of the interviewer that "a grey wall covered with lichen is a very different thing from a staring advertisement" strikes one as rather feeble; it may be different in degree, but it is an example of the same selfishness and indifference to the public welfare.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

Why does Mr. T. W. Russell take so deep an interest in the agricultural condition of Essex? When this subject was debated on Captain Naylor - Leyland's motion for the adjournment of the House, the member for South Tyrone smiled with unwonted geniality. When Mr. Herbert Gardner, most innocent of Ministers, said, after three hours' discussion, "Let us get on with the public business," Mr. Russell shouted "No, no!" and looked round at his friends, expectant of mirthful appreciation. Mr. Russell does not often joke. He is a grim man, possessed of a smouldering fury which frequently bursts into volcanic flame. Why was he so pleased with himself and everybody else on this particular occasion? It had nothing to do with Ireland. Essex is not part of county Clare. Well, the explanation is an interesting commentary on party tactics in the House of Commons. Mr. Russell had intended to move the adjournment in order to discuss Mr. Morley's administration. This is a favourite pastime of the paladin from South Tyrone. But when he found that the Conservative members from Essex wanted to talk about the sorrowful state of their part of the universe, owing to the depression of agriculture, he was quite content to forego his own performance. Such disinterestedness rarely gets its due in this world; but I am glad to say that I felt morally elevated to see Mr. Russell generously effacing himself, forgetting all about the urgent needs of county Clare and the callousness of Mr. Morley, and allowing the gentlemen from Essex to consume three hours with complaints about the decline of British agriculture during the last fifteen years. So when the blameless Gardner suggested that the House might be permitted to proceed with the Budget, Mr. Russell's "No, no!" was a really sublime expression of the true cheerfulness of self-denial.

It must be owned that the tribulation of Essex was a relief from the Budget debates. It would have been more impressive, however, if somebody less dapper and well favoured than Captain Naylor-Leyland had been chosen to harrow our feelings. The gallant Captain simply oozes with prosperity. Millionaire is written all over him. Major Rasch, too, is artistically an unsuitable exponent of bankruptcy and woe. In this line of business I prefer Mr. James Lowther or Mr. Round. Mr. Round is like a voice crying in the wilderness. He rolls out one doleful period after another without the slightest change of inflection, but with an occasional jerk of the head that is quite uncanny. To me there is a horrid fascination in the oratory of Mr. Round. It called up pictures of casual wards, and of the Essex farmer without anything to eat, and of the agricultural labourer as thin as a scarecrow. But this illusion was dispersed by Mr. Chaplin, whose eloquence is not suggestive of physical destitution. Mr. Chaplin is a great admirer of Mr. Gladstone, and never fails to imitate the tones of his voice, especially the full resonant note in the middle of a sentence. But mere imitations of sound are apt to pall on the ear, and the House forgot Essex while Mr. Chaplin was declaiming that Parliament ought to make up its mind to try Bimetallism. Nor was Sir William Harcourt's contribution to the debate conducive to solemnity. He quoted an expert witness to the effect that if corn is to be grown in Essex at a profit, the price must be increased forty-five per cent., and then he asked with a beaming smile, whether this was what Captain Naylor-Leyland expected the Government to do. After three hours of talk about Essex the immaculate Gardner, who has a confirmed habit of saying nothing at all in soothing falsetto, moved the closure, and we were back in the depths of the Budget again.

They have become very lugubrious, these financial discussions. There is a touch of humour now and then, as when Sir William Harcourt unexpectedly accepted an Opposition amendment, and Mr. Balfour, finding suddenly that the amendment completely defeated its own object, suggested that it ought to have been ruled out of order. So far the Chancellor of the Exchequer has successfully repelled attack, though that part of his scheme which affects the Colonies has raised rather a dangerous question. It is provided that a British subject with a domicile in England and property in the Colonies shall be liable to estate duty on that property. The complaint is that the property in such a case will pay twice over, being taxed in the colony as well as by the Imperial Exchequer. To this Sir William Harcourt replies that he is establishing no new principle, as the colonial property he proposes to tax already pays legacy and succession duties to the Crown. What he does is to increase this taxation, not to create it, so that the parallel from the case of the American colonies under George III. does not apply. This is true enough, but if the Colonies choose to take this opportunity of protesting against the whole system of such payments to the Imperial Exchequer the Government will be placed in an awkward position. They will either have to give way or to add a disagreeable dispute with Australia to the very considerable difficulties with which they are already struggling.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE LATE BISHOP OF BATH AND WELLS.

Not only the diocese of Bath and Wells but the Church at large has sustained a distinct loss in the death of the Right Rev. Lord Arthur Charles Hervey, for, although the Bishop was an octogenarian, and had lately become so feeble that he often had to be wheeled into church, he was one of those prelates whose ripe learning, sound judgment, and keen foresight, added to a peculiar kindness and tenderness of manner, have done so much to shed brilliance and lustre upon the English Church in the nineteenth century. The deceased prelate was universally beloved, and even those who differed most from him were compelled to admire and respect the vigour with which he maintained his views and the scrupulous care he took not to wound the personal susceptibilities of anyone. He was always an opponent to Ritualism, but latterly he was more concerned about what he regarded as the distinctive criticism of a certain school of Biblical critics, and one of his latest publications was in the direction of a defence of the orthodox position. He was a brilliant Hebrew scholar, and was a member of the company of Old Testament Revisers. If at times he took an old-fashioned view of some questions it must be remembered to his credit that on other matters he was considerably in advance of his age. For instance, he



Photo by J. Berryman, Bath.

THE LATE RIGHT REV. LORD ARTHUR HERVEY, BISHOP OF BATH AND WELLS.

propounded a plan of National Education some fifty or sixty years ago, and he was discussing what we now know as the University Extension Scheme as long ago as the fifties. The Bishop was also one of the first to advocate the increase of the episcopate, and the diocese of Bath and Wells was one of the first to have a diocesan conference. Lord Arthur Charles Hervey was born in 1808, and was a contemporary of Mr. Gladstone at Eton. He proceeded to Cambridge, in due course, and in 1830 obtained a first class in the classical tripos. Among the men of his time there were Pritchard (afterwards Savilian Professor of Astronomy at Oxford), Wordsworth (afterwards Bishop of Lincoln), and Merivale (afterwards Dean of Ely). He was ordained in 1832 by Bishop Bathurst of Norwich, and in the same year was presented to the family living of Ickworth-with-Horringer. Here he remained for thirty-seven years, leading the quiet useful life of a country clergyman. In 1850 he published two volumes of parochial sermons, and three years later he produced an interesting work reconciling the genealogies of our Saviour. In 1862 he was appointed Archdeacon of Sudbury, and in 1869 he was nominated by his old friend Mr. Gladstone to the Bishopric of Bath and Wells. He was consecrated in Westminster Abbey on St. Thomas's Day, so that if he had lived until the end of the present year he would have completed an episcopate of a quarter of a century. He was consecrated by Bishops Jackson, Browne, Thirlwall, and Philpott, all of whom have predeceased him. His rule of the diocese of Bath and Wells has been in every way successful. Although of very distinct opinions himself, he exercised a wide and tolerant charity towards others. He was a familiar figure in the country parsonages, and he cheered and encouraged many a poor overworked clergyman, not only with wise and helpful counsel, but in a more practical way as well. He

felt deeply the suffering caused by the agricultural depression, and he opened his purse liberally to relieve clerical distress. He was anxious, too, to take steps to apply a permanent remedy for the evil, and the Benefices Augmentation Fund had his warmest support. In politics he was a strong Unionist. Indeed, one of his last acts in the House of Lords was to record his vote against the Home Rule Bill, the House permitting him, on account of physical weakness, to do so without moving from his seat. He was strongly opposed to the doctrines of the modern Liberal school, and he much regretted the change of front, as he regarded it, of his old friend and schoolfellow, the ex-Premier. The late Bishop was not often seen in London, but a year or two since he pleaded the cause of the Ragged School Union from the platform of Exeter Hall in a masterly address, which won from the succeeding speaker, the Rev. Fleming Williams, the well-known Radical Nonconformist minister, the most emphatic admiration. The Bishop was buried on Thursday, June 14, at Wells.

THE LATE SULTAN OF MOROCCO.

The death of Muley-el-Hassan, Sultan of Morocco, is likely to increase the turmoils of diplomacy in that region. The late Sultan was very successful, on the whole, in evading the pressing attentions of the Great Powers. They always wanted commercial concessions, and he was shrewd enough to know that these would be followed by schemes for civilising his dominions. Though as barbarous as any tribe in Equatorial Africa, the Moors come into the European system, because their shores are washed by the Mediterranean, in which are concentrated the rivalries of England, France, and Italy. Though Muley-el-Hassan knew no language but Arabic, he thoroughly understood the danger of giving an inch to diplomatists who have a habit of taking an ell. Hence his baffling behaviour to Sir Charles Euan-Smith when that envoy undertook a mission to Fez. Muley's nominal successor is a boy of fourteen, and the prospects of internal trouble in the Moorish Empire and foreign pressure without must be rather disturbing to the juvenile mind.

THE NEW TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER.

What modern naval warfare is going to become nobody can just now predict. In some particulars it seems likely that the battle, as well as the race, may occasionally be to the swift rather than the strong. As torpedo-boats of less than a hundred tons' burden now threaten destruction to the hugest iron-clad ships with the mightiest guns, it is deemed expedient to have torpedo-boat destroyers with speed enough to catch them. Forty-three such vessels are to be added to the British Navy; they are to be 180 ft. long, 18 ft. 6 in. broad, with 5 ft. draught, 220 tons water displacement, and, with engines of 3400-horse power, should attain the speed of 27 knots an hour, which is over thirty statute land miles, a good average speed for a railway train! The cost of each, with machinery, is less than £35,000; the contractors are Messrs. Yarrow and Co., at Poplar; Messrs. J. S. Thornycroft and Co., at Chiswick; Mr. J. S. White, at East Cowes; and Messrs. Laird Brothers, at Birkenhead. Messrs. Yarrow and Co. have built the *Havock* and the *Hornet*, the second of which, on Saturday, June 9, made her trial trip from Gravesend round the Mouse lightship, beyond the Nore. The full speed, which had already been officially tested and proved to be 27.628 knots, was not exerted upon this occasion, for the sake of a large company of invited passengers. Among those on board were Lord Charles Beresford, Sir Edward Reed, Sir E. Harland, and Commander Cowles, naval attaché to the American Embassy. The *Hornet* is even swifter than the *Havock*, increased steam-power being gained by Yarrow's newly invented boiler, in which the water circulates in small tubes with the fire playing around them, instead of the fire or heat being in the tubes, surrounded by the water. There are eight boilers, supplying steam for 4000-horse power, in two sets of inverted triple-expansion condensing engines, which drive twin screws, making 400 revolutions a minute. The *Hornet* will carry a crew of forty-three, officers and men, and will be armed with a quick-firing twelve-pounder gun, three six-pounders, and three torpedo-tubes.

THE SKINNERS' COMPANY'S ALMSHOUSES.

A mile east of Aldgate, in the rural suburb of Stepney, as it was two centuries ago, the Londoners used to walk for fresh air, and for cakes and ale, especially "Alderman Bide's ale," at the Rose and Crown. There was a common, where "pennyroyal grew in abundance," beyond Mile End Green, now called Stepney Green, where Mr. Walter Besant locates the ideal scheme of social philanthropy in "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," and near the present really magnificent as well as beneficent institution of "the People's Palace." Mile End Road, from Whitechapel to Bow, is a broad, cheerful, healthy, lively thoroughfare, where a person of unfashionable tastes, content with the common lot of humanity, might not unwillingly reside. The East End of London is not so bad, if it were not that the fair open country is now so far away. The disappearance, not long since, of a picturesque double range of cottages on the north side of Mile End Road, which were the almshouses of the Skinners' Company, founded by Lewis Newbury for the dwelling of twelve poor widows, has removed a memorial of those times when the citizen of Cheapside could stroll to a village any summer evening, and return at sunset to his commodious house and shop.



The Prince and Princess of Wales, with the Duke of York, and Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, on Monday, June 11, visited Poplar, adjacent to the East India Docks. They opened the new building of the Institute of the Missions to Seamen, and that of the Poplar Hospital for Accidents, in which ceremonies their Royal Highnesses were met by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Mayor and Mr. Sheriff Dimsdale, the Bishop of Bedford, the Earl and Countess of Meath, Lord and Lady Knutsford, the Marchioness of Drogheda, Lord and Lady Aberdare, Lord and Lady Brassey, and other persons of distinction. The Duke of York is president of the London Fund Committee of the Missions to Seamen. The architect of the new Seamen's Institute building is Sir A. Blomfield. Mr. A. F. Hills and the Hon. Sydney Holland, respectively, as president and chairman of the Poplar Hospital, presented a report showing that £30,000 had been subscribed for it in the last three years. The new building contains three commodious wards, each arranged for twenty beds; and, in the basement, rooms for receiving and examining accident cases. Mr. Rowland Plumbe is the hospital architect.



THE MARKET AT AMSMIZ, SOUTH MOROCCO.

PERSONAL.

The Rev. Mark Wilks, who died on June 6, in his sixty-fifth year, was a thinker of rare order in the ranks of Dissenting ministers. Yet his interest in pulpit work, extended to the home life of his hearers, was subordinate to his zeal as an educationist. During the years that he was on the London School Board he laboured, regardless of strain on health and pocket, in the interests of the children, endearing himself to both teachers and taught. This absorption of time left him without leisure to contribute, as his ability warranted, to the constructive theological literature of our day, but the effect of his self-denying work will abide. His death removes a fine type of noble manly citizenship, of loyal and loving friendship, and the lives of many will remain saddened and impoverished by his loss.

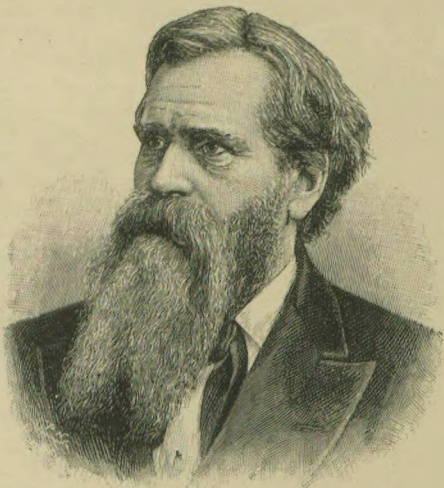


Photo by Russell and Sons.

THE LATE REV. MARK WILKS.

There are fresh rumours of Sir William Harcourt's retirement from public life at the close of the present Parliament. It is thought significant that his son, Mr. L. V. Harcourt, who has taken an active part in the organisation of the Liberal party, should have made up his mind to give up politics altogether, and betake himself to commercial pursuits. This looks like a complete severance of the Harcourt family from the fortunes of their party. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is now an old man, though not very old according to the average longevity of our statesmen, and his interest in politics has manifestly declined since Mr. Gladstone retired and Lord Rosebery became Prime Minister. There are indications that the leader of the House of Commons regards the Budget as practically his last campaign; but, on the other hand, it is certain that the Liberal party are very far from realising the contingency that they may soon lose the services of one of the ablest Parliamentarians of our generation.

Mr. Asquith has had the good fortune to settle the cab strike after prolonged negotiations which seemed at one time destined to be abortive. The masters consented to reduce their demands by an average of about nine and sixpence a week, and the men accepted a compromise of their original stipulation for a larger reduction. Moreover, the charges known as "stable-yard money" have been relinquished by the cab-owners. This is satisfactory as far as it goes, but the economic difficulty in the position of the drivers is that there are too many of them. A municipal restriction of their licenses seems inevitable sooner or later. It is ominous for them that London has not been greatly inconvenienced by the strike, and that the cabs left on the streets have on the whole proved quite sufficient for the needs of the community.

Major-General Goldsworthy, who has just recovered from a severe illness, is one of the martyrs to public duty. The member for Hammersmith has been suffering from acute blood-poisoning, and this, it is believed, was originally due to the vitiated atmosphere of the House of Commons. It was Major-General Goldsworthy's honest pride that he rarely missed a division, and this is his reward. The time is probably not far distant when men will refuse to enter public life on the ground that the nation does not take the trouble to provide them with a Legislative Chamber which is fit to breathe in. All the pseudo-scientific tinkering with the ventilation of the House has completely failed to make it inhabitable. When we have inscribed on a few tombstones the epitaph "Poisoned by Acts of Parliament" there may be a really practical effort to relieve the country of a grave scandal.

A public man of much experience and ability in the business of local government, though not highly distinguished as a politician, has ended his active and useful life at the age of fifty-four.

Mr. Thomas Eccleston Gibb, who died on June 6, came from Liverpool, where he had been one of the editors or managers and part-proprietor of the *Liverpool Mercury*, in its time a vigorous provincial exponent of



Photo by Russell and Sons.

THE LATE MR. THOMAS ECCLESTON GIBB.

Liberal opinion. In London he devoted his services to the parochial administrative affairs of a community not much smaller in population than the town of Liverpool as it then was—namely, the great parish of St. Pancras, which extends from Bloomsbury to

Hampstead and Highgate. From 1869 he held the office of Vestry Clerk, and not only did excellent work, but studied the mysteries of rateable value, the incidence of local taxation, and the problem of duly apportioning the cost of improvements, until his instructive counsels were deemed of high authority in that part of the metropolis. In general, he was opposed to centralisation, or, at least, to an equal distribution over the whole of London of burdens which are undertaken for the special benefit of particular districts. Hence, though he was one of the first aldermen who sat in the London County Council, and was chairman, from 1890 to 1892, of the standing joint committee of magistrates and county councillors, he failed of re-election, being in these matters of a rather Conservative disposition. He was elected, indeed, as a political Liberal M.P. for the eastern division of St. Pancras in 1885, but soon lost his seat in the House of Commons, being unable to follow the later Gladstonian lead.

What is the most fitting sport for a British statesman? Lord Rosebery's victory at Epsom has excited a protest from people who think a Prime Minister ought to have no dealings with the Turf. Mr. Balfour's victory in a golf handicap has been commended as the highest achievement of judicious pastime. There is no public betting on golf at present; moreover, Mr. Balfour's admirers point out that he wins actually by his own personal skill, unlike Lord Rosebery, who employs a horse and a trainer and a jockey to win for him. By and by, no doubt, popular opinion will become so exacting that a statesman will either be prohibited from going to the theatre at all, or will have to show that he has distinguished himself personally in private theatricals, and can at a pinch lead the orchestra and perform the duties of prompter. Or it may be that golf and cricket will be the only amusements permitted to party leaders, and that skill at billiards will be considered a disqualification for a political career.

Shall the London streets be cleansed? This is the momentous question raised by Lord Randolph Churchill,



THE LATE MULEY-EL-HASSAN, SULTAN OF MOROCCO.

See "Our Illustrations."

who, by the way, is about to quit the political scene for a while and take a journey round the world. Lord Randolph complains of the wood pavement, and of the filth which is allowed to accumulate on it. He contrasts the neglect of the London streets with the scrupulous neatness of Paris. In Paris there is always a man with a powerful hose making war on dirt from morn till dewy eve. In London the roadway is left to the spasmodic care of crossing-sweepers and of water-carts which generally contrive to leave the street in a worse condition than they found it. Why is the hose an unknown engine to the London vestryman? As for the pavement, it is suggested that we should return to macadam, but the tympanum of the metropolis would revolt against such a restoration of the demon of noise.

In a recent Number we made some reference to a current story concerning a prosperous West-End tradesman, who, so it was said, could neither read nor write, and consequently entrusted his affairs to an assistant, with the result that immense liabilities were sprung upon him, entailing the forced realisation of a large stock of wines. We are sorry to have given extended publicity to an inaccurate version of occurrences which have interested the wine-drinking and wine-selling community. The tradesman in question reads and writes as well as other men. Ill-health was in the first instance the reason which prompted him to leave his affairs in other hands. It is true that when he resumed control of them he discovered, with the help of a firm of accountants, enormous liabilities and still larger sums passed into other banking accounts than his own; but he had discharged all these unexpected obligations out of his savings long before he ever thought of a sale. It seems that his cellars were packed with a million or more bottles of wine, some of which he did not want, to the exclusion of another two million bottles, part of which he did urgently want. How the accountants obtained for their clients possession of part of this extraordinary accumulation of stock which his money had purchased, forms, we are told, a curious commercial romance worthy of Sherlock Holmes.

THE OPERA.

The fourth week of the season was marked by the revival of Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor" and Verdi's "Rigoletto," both the old operas being mounted with the more or less special object of giving Madame Melba opportunities for the display of those brilliant vocal powers for which she is justly famous. On each occasion the talented artist was heard at her best, while her impersonation of Gilda was in its dramatic aspect distinguished by an unwonted degree of merit. We cannot, however, congratulate the prima donna upon a "happy thought" in the matter of restoring the final duet sung by Gilda and her father after the latter has opened the sack and found that its occupant is not the hated Duke but his own daughter. As every opera-goer is aware, the curtain generally falls upon the Fool's discovery, the tenant of the sack being, of course, a "dummy," living or otherwise. The episode is quite gruesome enough without being prolonged by a lengthy duet, and Costa was for once in a way responsible for a sensible cut when he suppressed this needless colloquy. It seems to survive in Italy, and perhaps it was with a view to her appearances at La Scala that Madame Melba revived the scene before she left America. Let us assure her that we prefer to continue to dispense with it here. We should add that Signor Ancona sang Rigoletto for the first time at Covent Garden, and achieved a striking success in the rôle.

In "Werther," which was produced at Covent Garden on Monday, June 11, we find a masterly effort to make an interesting opera out of a subject which in the main is singularly unfitted for operatic treatment. We quite understand how a composer of M. Massenet's poetic temperament came to be attracted by the melancholy hero whom Goethe has delineated in his "Sorrow of Werther," and we are inclined to think that no other living musician possesses in more perfect combination the requisite qualities for dealing with so purely sentimental a theme. But there are limits to the power of music where the writing of an opera is concerned. The librettists may have done their best; they may have even succeeded—as in this instance—in reproducing with tolerable fidelity the most prominent characteristics of the original story, and sketching with commendable accuracy most of the principal personages. The musician, in turn, may have brought all the resources at his command—and in Mr. Massenet's case they are by no means restricted to well-worn or ordinary devices—to bear upon a cleverly written book, dealing with its homely incidents in direct and simple fashion, imbuing his orchestration with the utmost wealth of fancy and variety of delicate colouring, and, above all, clothing the passionate utterances of his hero and heroine in musical phrases replete with sensuous charm and intense warmth of sentiment. All this, however, has not sufficed to create in "Werther" a work capable of appealing to an ordinary operatic public. In a smaller house than Covent Garden (as we have had occasion to observe with regard to more than one opera brought out here in recent seasons, not excepting even "Falstaff"), the impression might be different. As it is, we find "Werther" far less effective upon a large stage than "L'Amico Fritz," which illustrates a similar type of story, albeit cast in a less tragic mould.

The keynote of sadness is struck from the end of the first act, when Charlotte confides to Werther the unpleasant fact that she is engaged to be married to Albert. For a brief moment the merry Sophie brings with her a ray of sunshine here and there; but the talk between Albert and Charlotte (who has become his wife by the second act) and the succeeding scene between the latter and Werther are pitched in the prevailing minor key, a sense of monotony being alone prevented by the beauties of instrumentation with which the composer has enriched his score. The third act is a splendid piece of work, as powerful in its dramatic interest as it is forcible and original in its musical treatment. The fine duet in which Werther wrings from Charlotte the confession of her love, only to find her more determined than ever to elude his grasp, has in it the spirit of genuine melodrama, and a striking climax is reached when the unhappy woman is compelled to give with her own hands the pistols which Werther has sent to borrow from Albert. Fortunately, the progress of the tragedy is not allowed to be interrupted at this point. The fourth act is linked to the third by a descriptive orchestral piece, and the episode of Werther's death by suicide follows on before the excitement has had time to cool.

Thanks to a performance of remarkable excellence, the good qualities of "Werther" were not obscured on the occasion of the first performance before an English audience. M. Jean de Reszke made at once a brilliant *rentrée* and an artistic triumph of the highest order. He was, happily, in magnificent voice, and bore easily the weight of an arduous and important task. He looked his part to perfection, and acted as he sang with the fullest measure of passionate fervour. In the duets with Charlotte, the Polish tenor had able support from Madame Eames, whose histrionic capabilities have perceptibly increased since she sang at Covent Garden a couple of seasons ago. Madame Sigrid Arnoldson was delightfully piquant, and sang charmingly as Sophie; M. Albers was excellent as Charlotte's husband; and M. Castlemary gave a finished embodiment of the good-natured Baillie who chooses the month of July for beginning to teach his children their "Noël."

LADAS, THE WINNER OF THE DERBY.

Owing to the Extraordinary Demand for the Number of "The Illustrated London News" of June 9, the Entire Edition has been Exhausted. The Publishers, however, have pleasure in announcing a

FRESH ISSUE

of the

COLOURED PORTRAIT OF LADAS,

which can be obtained through any Newsagent for Sixpence, or by Post for Sevenpence.—Ingram Brothers, 198, Strand.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, with Princess Beatrice (Henry of Battenberg), the Princess of Leiningen, and the Princesses of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, is at Balmoral Castle, but is expected to return to Windsor Castle about June 23, or from that to June 26.

The Prince and Princess of Wales were at Epsom races on the Derby day, with Princess Maud of Wales and Prince Christian of Denmark. The Prince of Wales was there again on the Oaks day. Their Royal Highnesses, on Saturday, June 9, visited the Military Tournament at the Agricultural Hall, and in the evening attended the performance at the Royal Opera. On Monday they went to Poplar with the Duke of York, who is president of the London committee of the Seamen's Mission Institute there; opened the new building of that institute and the new building of the Poplar Hospital for Accidents. On Wednesday, June 13, the Prince of Wales went to the camp at Aldershot, and presented new colours to the 1st Battalion of the Worcestershire Regiment. His Royal Highness and the Duke of York dined with the Trinity House Corporation.

The Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha attended the Mansion House meeting of the Royal National Life-boat Institution, at which the Lord Mayor presided.

The Home Office Committee of Inquiry concerning the London cab service consists of Mr. G. W. E. Russell, Under-Secretary for the Home Department, with Mr. Henry Cunynghame, Mr. F. J. S. Hopwood, of the Board of Trade, Mr. E. H. Bayley, M.P., Mr. John Burns, M.P., Mr. T. Lough, M.P., and Mr. C. A. Whitmore, M.P. Mr. Malcolm Delevigne is secretary to the Committee.

The strike of the London cab-drivers has been settled by the acceptance, on Monday, June 11, of an award made by the Home Secretary, the Right Hon. H. H. Asquith, at the adjourned conference held in a committee-room of the House of Commons. It is mutually agreed that the payment by cab-drivers of fees to the yard-men shall be abolished; that the hire of first-class hansom cabs shall be regulated by a standard scale, at rates which vary in different months and weeks of the year, the highest rate, from June 4 to July 15, being sixteen shillings a day, and the lowest, from Aug. 20 to Oct. 21, being ten shillings a day; that the terms of hire for all other cabs shall be left to individual owners and drivers; and that all cabmen who have taken part in the strike be reinstated in their employment, promising to work harmoniously with the other drivers. This agreement is signed by Mr. James Scott and Mr. Alfred Mills on behalf of the owners, and by Mr. Frederick White representing the cab-drivers, and by Mr. Asquith as chairman of the conference. The men have returned to work. The above terms are estimated to render the average net cash rate of twelve shillings and threepence hire for a day for cabs of all classes, taking the whole year through, as the charge for first-class hansoms is supposed to determine those for other kinds of cabs. At a meeting of cabmen in Hyde Park, on Tuesday, Mr. John Burns, M.P., advised them to acquiesce in this settlement, by which, it is said, every driver will gain about £24 in the year.

The Metropolitan Fire Brigade, under the command of Mr. Sexton Simonds, to the number of 250 officers and men, its whole force being 847, was reviewed in Battersea Park on Saturday, June 9, before Sir John Hutton, Chairman of the London County Council, and Lord Carrington, Chairman of the Fire Brigade Committee. Lady Carrington presented medals and other tokens of distinction to firemen who had shown notable courage and skill in saving lives at fires. Eleven steam fire-engines, eleven manual engines, and six hose-vans were on the ground. On the Thames, at Battersea Bridge, were tugs and rafts bearing steam pumps for the extinction of fire.

On June 11 the Marquis of Ripon, Secretary of State for the Colonies, presided at a dinner of gentlemen interested in South Africa. He spoke of the increasing prosperity of that region. Since 1884 there had been an enormous expansion both in imports and exports. In 1884 the imports in South Africa were above £6,000,000; in 1893 they were £12,000,000. In 1884 the exports were £7,000,000, and in 1893 they were £14,000,000; therefore, in that comparatively short time, both exports and imports had been doubled. As regarded the gold produce of South

Africa, the expansion had been so great that whereas in 1887 the produce was a little over 23,000 oz., in 1893 the produce was 1,487,000 oz. That expansion was going on still.

The Duke and Duchess of Westminster on June 11 opened the new public baths at Woolwich, on which more than £25,000 has been expended by the local Commissioners, for the benefit of a large working-class population. Mr. T. R. Richardson, the chairman, received their Graces, who were entertained at luncheon in the Woolwich Polytechnic Institute.

Admiral Erben, of the United States Navy, on June 11 entertained a large company on board the *Chicago*, the ship commanded by Captain Mahan, lying at Gravesend, and the American officers showed their cordial sense of the hospitality with which they have been welcomed in England. The *Chicago* has departed for Antwerp.

A meeting to oppose the Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill was held at Rhyll on June 11, the Bishop of St. Asaph presiding. It was addressed by Lord Halifax, Lord Powys, Lord Kenyon, Mr. Stanley Leighton, M.P., and the Principal of Lampeter College. Another meeting, at Swansea, connected with the Diocesan Conference, was addressed by the Bishop of St. David.

The Cambridge University class-lists have been issued: Mr. W. Sibbald Adie, of Trinity College, a well-known oarsman, is Senior Wrangler, bracketed with Mr. W. Fellows Sedgwick, of the same college; Mr. W. E. Philip, of Clare College, is third; and Mr. H. S. Carslaw, Mr. F. W.

had received £161,608 for his "Darkest England" social scheme, and had spent £219,668, leaving a debt of £58,000, but he valued the lands, railway, buildings, and plant of the Hadleigh settlement in Essex at £150,000.

At the regatta of the Royal Harwich Yacht Club on June 11 the Prince of Wales's yacht *Britannia* won the prize for the most important race, beating Mr. A. D. Clarke's *Satanita* in a very close contest, in very rough weather.

In the High Court of Justice, Queen's Bench Division, the appeal against the Bow Street police magistrate's order for the extradition of the French Anarchist dynamite conspirator, Meunier, arrested in London, has been rejected by Mr. Justice Cave and Mr. Justice Collins, refusing to discharge the prisoner.

The French Ministry and Chamber of Deputies, and the French political journalists, have been descending in rather a high tone of complaint against England upon the recent convention between our own Government and that of the Congo Free State, the head of which is King Leopold of Belgium. It is, in effect, the cession, on lease to that State, of administrative authority over the parts of the Upper Nile territory, west of the Nile, formerly ruled for Egypt by Emin Pasha, in exchange for permission to construct a British road, over Congo State territory, from Lake Tanganyika to Lake Albert Nyanza. M. Hanotaux, the new French Minister of Foreign Affairs, has declared in the Chamber that France will consider it null and void. Lord Dufferin, our Ambassador in Paris, is endeavouring

to convince the French Government that there is not the slightest notion of infringing any rights or interests of France or of the Khedive or of the Sultan.

The Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, King of Hungary, has successfully got over his difficulty with the Hungarian Liberal Ministry, and Dr. Wekerle has formed a new Cabinet, with two or three personal changes, relying on his Majesty's support to carry the Civil Marriages Bill through the Upper House, the Chamber of Magistrates, for which purpose three new life-peers have been created.

The Russian Czarevitch will arrive in England within a few days, coming all the way by sea from Cronstadt to Portsmouth in the imperial yacht *Polar Star*. The Czar has created a new special department of the Civil Service for the safety of the residences and the journeys of the imperial family, with the appointment of General Tcherevin to be in

constant personal attendance on the Czar. All Russian civil servants are henceforth to wear a prescribed uniform dress.

The approaching visit of the Khedive of Egypt to Paris, London, and Vienna is looked upon by a party among his Egyptian subjects at Cairo with little approval, but he is expected to set forth before the end of June.

The retirement of M. Stambouloff, the able and sturdy political champion of Bulgarian national independence, from his post as Prime Minister has been softened by his Sovereign, Prince Ferdinand, with a published letter of cordial praise for his long and devoted services to the cause of his country, which it is hoped will continue to prosper.

ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL.

The Duke of Connaught on Saturday, June 9, presided at the opening of the new buildings for the Medical School of St. Thomas's Hospital. These are two additional blocks, to contain the students' club and certain laboratories. The architect is Mr. Henry Currey. His Royal Highness, accompanied by the Duchess of Connaught, was received by the treasurer, Mr. J. G. Wainwright, and the Dean of the Medical School, Mr. Makins, who presented official addresses. He made a speech, noting the statistics of the beneficial operations of this hospital, of which he is president. In twenty years past it has received 92,000 in-patients, 467,000 out-patients, and 1,150,000 casualty patients. There is a remaining debt of £60,000, which ought to be paid off, when the governors will be enabled to open wards for 2000 more in-patients yearly. The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of London, and many London physicians and surgeons were present on this occasion.



THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT OPENING THE NEW BUILDINGS AT ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL.

Photo by Bradelle and Young.

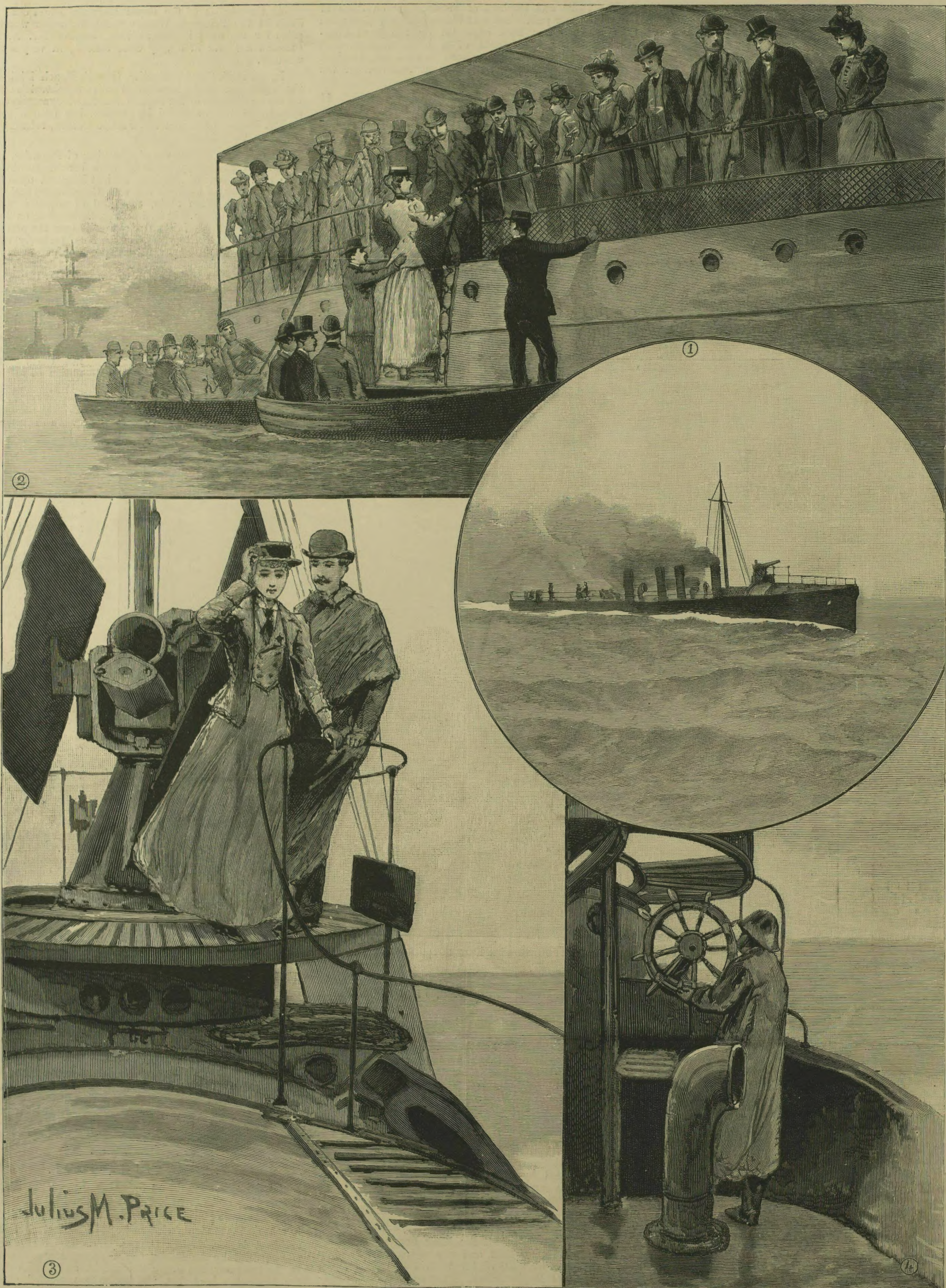
Lawrence, and Mr. J. G. Leatham are bracketed in the fourth degree. Miss E. H. Cook, of Girton, is female Wrangler.

The London County Council has elected Lord Welby as an Alderman, and Mr. W. H. C. Payne has been elected member of the Council for Rotherhithe. The Fire Brigade Committee has censured four superintendents for privately arranging with the clothing contractors to supply them with articles of ordinary dress instead of uniform, a practice which is now forbidden as irregular, though in no way fraudulent, so that the Fire Brigade men have made a demonstration of sympathy with the superintendents personally reproved for it upon this occasion.

The Samaritan Free Hospital for Women and Children held its annual dinner on June 12, the Duke of Fife in the chair, supported by Lord Windsor, Lord Leigh, Sir T. Spencer Wells, and others. It was stated that at this hospital, established fifty years ago, 315,000 women and children have received medical care and treatment, 15,000 being in-patients.

A meeting of the "Anti-Gambling League" was held on June 12 at Exeter Hall, and was addressed by Bishop Barry, the Rev. Dr. Clifford, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, and the Head Master of Rugby School. The speakers had something to say of the Prime Minister's winning the Derby, and the practice of betting on horse-races was severely condemned.

"General" Booth held a meeting on behalf of the Salvation Army on June 12 at the Queen's Hall, where Lord Brassey, the Earl of Meath, and other persons of influence took part, while letters of approval were received from Earl Spencer, Lord Rosebery, Lord Carrington, and the Attorney-General. In his speech, mainly defending his financial management, "General" Booth stated that he



1. Twenty-Seven Knots an Hour.

2. Visitors Embarking at Gravesend.

3. In the Conning Tower.

4. The Man at the Wheel.

'TRIAL TRIP OF THE "HORNET," THE NEW TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER, AT GRAVESEND, SATURDAY, JUNE 9.



By W. E. NORRIS.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

CHAPTER XXI.

MUSA CONSOLATRIX.

Readers who are blessed with good memories may recollect that they were first introduced to the Reverend John Dimsdale when he was seated in his study on a sunny, windy morning, wrestling with the difficulties and discouragements unhappily inseparable from the labour of composition; and no one who is acquainted with the monotonous routine of working lives, whether lay or clerical, will be surprised to find him occupied in the same way, at the same hour and in the same place, exactly twelve months later. A year, it is true, makes a greater or less difference to us all. Things happen; births, deaths, or marriages occur; the bodies which we are compelled to carry about with us advance a few steps on their slow progress towards decay; but the land must be tilled, soldiers and sailors must be drilled, the law must be administered, sermons must be written so long as weary labourers continue to draw the breath of life, and it may be surmised that sermons do not become easier to write when a man has, many years ago, said all he has to say. To be sure, he can keep on repeating what he has said scores of times before, and most preachers adopt this simple plan, but Mr. Dimsdale, who had a troublesome conscience, wanted to find new words in which to clothe old thoughts, and since he could not find them, he was rumpling his hair and plucking at his beard, as of yore, when his wife came in to substitute one form of torture for another.

"John," said she, seating herself comfortably close to the writing-table, "I want to have a little talk with you about Veronica."

Mr. Dimsdale sighed, pushed back his revolving chair, turned, so as to face the disturber of his already disturbed reflections, threw one leg over the other and remarked, "My dear Elizabeth, the talks that we have had for some weeks past about Veronica have been neither little nor few. If you do not know what my views are, I can only say that I despair of being able to give them any clearer expression."

"Well, John," returned his wife good-humouredly, "I daresay I am dull; but the fact is that I don't know a bit what your views are. I know that you have backed her up all through this foolish, vexatious business; but why you have done so and how long you think that it can go on is just what I do not understand."

"Yet it seemed to me that I had explained my position," observed the Reverend John, with impatient patience. "The girl breaks off an engagement which was a source of satisfaction to all her friends, her reason for breaking it off being that, on fuller consideration, she finds that she does not love the man enough to marry him. I cannot disapprove of that, although I may regret that the discovery was not made earlier. She proposes to make her estate over to Horace Trevor, who, very properly and as a matter of course, refuses it. I thought the plan a ridiculous and impracticable one, and I told her so; but I really cannot disapprove of an impulse which strikes me as generous. Her aunt—rather cruelly and unnecessarily, in my opinion—chooses to quarrel with her; and, as she cannot very well live all alone in a large country house, she asks me to give her shelter. Considering what are our obligations to Veronica, you can hardly, I should think, have expected me to refuse so natural a request, and I am quite unable to see the use of teasing and worrying her now that she is here. If that is what you call backing her up, no doubt I have backed her up. You ask how long I think it is going to last. Really, I have not the faintest idea; nor can I tell with any precision what you mean by 'it'!"

"Why, the present state of things, of course. Say what



Presently he produced a pencil and made a few rapid corrections.

you will, John, it is absurd for a girl with all her money to bury herself alive in a country rectory.—Such an arrangement can't be permanent; and, fond as I am of Veronica, I do feel that she ought to be brought to her senses. It is useless for me to speak to her—she sets me down as worldly and heartless and all the rest of it—but a few words from you would carry some weight; and really it is your duty to say them. Some decision as to what her future is to be *must* be arrived at soon."

"Is there any particular reason," inquired Mr. Dimsdale wearily, "for our arriving this morning at a decision which, so far as I can make out, we have no power at all to enforce?"

"Don't talk as if you were on the bench, John, and as if it were a question of whether the girl was to be sent to a reformatory or committed for trial. I only wanted to tell you that I have had a letter from Mrs. Mansfield—a very kind and sensible letter, too—in which she says that she wishes to make it up again with Veronica and that she will be glad to chaperon her through another season."

"So be it! Veronica's consent must be obtained, though."

"Just so; and I hope you will tell her that it is her duty to consent. Marry she must—I am sure you will agree with me there, John—and as she is determined not to marry poor Mr. Trevor, the sooner she selects somebody else the better."

This sounded so very like truth and common sense that Mr. Dimsdale had nothing to urge against it. Undoubtedly Veronica, situated as she was, would do well to marry; undoubtedly she ought to accept the olive-branch held out to her by her Aunt Julia; so he said that, if he might now be permitted to get on with his work, he would do what was required of him as soon as his niece came in.

Veronica, in accordance with what had become her daily habit, had gone out for a long, objectless walk. The want of an object, both for her walks and for her existence, had weighed heavily upon her since her return to Harbury Vale, and now, as she wandered along the river-bank, she was wishing with all her heart that she had been spared an inheritance which had brought her nothing but worry and vexation, besides estranging her from those with whom she would fain have maintained friendly relations. The wrath and disgust of Mrs. Mansfield she had anticipated and could forgive; but to be roundly told by Mr. Walton that she was quite the most hopelessly silly young lady whom it had ever been his misfortune to encounter had been a little trying, while Horace's obstinate refusal to play the part assigned to him almost made her repent of what she had done. Perhaps, after all, she had been hopelessly silly—though no respectable solicitor should have permitted himself to use such language. Perhaps, if she had been hopefully wise, or even wise without being hopeful, she would have let matters take their course—made the best of a bad business, and recognised the fact that in this world nobody must expect to get exactly what he or she wants. And the worst of it was that, with the exception of poor old Uncle John, who always tried to be fair, there was not a single person to understand her or sympathise with her in the smallest degree. Even Joe, upon whose comprehension and fidelity she had implicitly relied, and to whom she had rendered, by post, a full account of her actions as well as of the motives which had prompted them, had been most disappointing. Her long letters to him had only elicited curt and very unsatisfactory replies, which had rendered it only too evident that he shared, without expressing them, the views of Mr. Walton. Finally, Horace had answered a despairing epistolary appeal, addressed to his club, by a note which she had already perused several times, but which she now drew from her pocket and read again, just to keep alive the feeling of justifiable resentment which it had provoked.

"Dear Veronica—I have received your letter and the communication which your lawyers say that they were instructed to make to me on your behalf. I am sorry that you should have thought there could be any use in giving such instructions or writing such a letter. On my side I cannot see that there would be any use at all in my repeating what I have said so often before. What your opinion of me can be I know no more than I know what I have done to deserve it; but least said soonest mended. I saw Aunt Julia the other day, and managed at last to persuade her that the time has come for her to stop shedding tears over spilt milk. I do trust that the subject may now be dropped for ever."

"Always sincerely yours,
"HORACE TREVOR."

Now, that really was not at all a nice sort of response to make to two closely written sheets of affectionate entreaty, and it just showed the difficulty of taking any man's measure before subjecting him to a severe test. Mr. Mostyn, indeed, had divined what Horace was at a glance; but then Mr. Mostyn was so abnormally acute! Mr. Mostyn, unhappily, was away from home, having taken himself off to Italy to avoid the cold weather; so that his moral support also was wanting to one who stood in sore need of it.

"How I wish he would come back! Then, at least, I should feel that I had one friend left!" sighed Veronica; and hardly had she breathed the words when, with truly dramatic promptitude, her revered poet stood before her, his soft felt hat in his hand, his curly, grizzled locks stirred by the wind, and a smile of greeting upon his lips.

"I am in advance of the swallows, you see," said he. "It is shameful to abandon Italy for England at a time of the year when Italy is delicious and England detestable; but *che vuole?* I was seized with a sudden attack of home-sickness, and the only cure for that malady is to make straight for home."

"Blessed malady and blessed cure!" exclaimed Veronica. "It isn't everybody who has a home to make for, and I am sure very few people could count upon as heartfelt a welcome as I have at your service. I was just longing for you when you appeared, like a god out of an osier-bed."

"Dear me!" said Mr. Mostyn, raising his eyebrows; "it is lucky I am not twenty years younger."

"It would indeed be most unlucky if you were, because, in that case, I might hesitate to confide all my woes to you. I have been doing terrible things—partly in consequence of your advice, it is true—since we parted."

"So I understand. Not that I think them terrible, or that I repent in the least of my advice."

"You have heard all about it, then?"

"Well, I have heard that that impossible matrimonial scheme has been abandoned. Is there anything more to be told?"

"Heaps more!" answered Veronica emphatically. "The abandonment of a scheme which, I quite agree with you, was an impossible one, is the very least of my troubles—not a trouble at all, in fact; the dreadful thing is that it hasn't brought about any of the results which ought to have followed."

She went on to relate how completely her benevolent designs had been frustrated by the perversity of those for whose benefit they had been formed, while Mr. Mostyn, listening with a kindly, tolerant smile, nodded his head encouragingly every now and then.

"Oh, well!" he said, when she paused, "I don't see that you have so very much to make yourself miserable about. From my point of view, you have done a great deal better than might have been expected. There were a good many dangers before you, you see—the deceitfulness of riches, out of which you seem to have escaped triumphantly; the voluntary surrender of your highest aspirations, upon which you were bent when I saw you last; even the sacrifice of your inheritance, which, in my humble opinion, you have no right to hand over to the first comer. Oh, yes! you have done very fairly well, and such incidental bothers as the displeasure of your relations will soon be lived down. At all events, you remain your own mistress and can order the course of your own existence."

"Yes, there is that," agreed Veronica hesitatingly. "To some extent I am at liberty, no doubt. But what is to become of Horace?"

"I do not know him well enough to venture upon a prophecy, and, honestly speaking, his destiny does not interest me. Yours, on the other hand, does; and that is why I am in hopes that you have a few pages of foolscap to show me."

Veronica gave her shoulders a jerk and thrust her hand into her pocket. "It is rubbish," she said; "nobody knows better than I do what rubbish it is. Still, you had better see what I have scribbled at once and have done with it. If I made you beg for a sight of it you might think it was something superior to mere schoolgirl's doggerel, and then you would be all the more disappointed."

Mr. Mostyn took the little bundle of manuscript extended to him and ran his eye over one page after another without speaking. Presently he produced a pencil and made a few rapid corrections.

"This is not doggerel," he said at length. "As far as it goes, it is good—very good, even; only you will write far better when metre and rhyme have become your servants instead of your masters. What I want you to understand is that it is worth your while to persevere, and I hope you know that I should not say that unless I could say it conscientiously."

In matters pertaining to art he was invariably conscientious, and the brief, lucid homily which he went on to deliver was of value to his pupil in more ways than one. By the time that he took his leave of her, after appointing her a task to perform and submit to him on a given day, he had so far infected her with his own quiet enthusiasm that the troubles which had looked so large half an hour before now seemed to her to have been reduced to their true insignificant proportions. A poetess she hardly expected to become; but she thought there perhaps might always lie open to her a haven of refuge and oblivion from the calm shelter of which she would be able to smile at ephemeral cares. In truth, that is why artists ought to be happy people, and very generally are so, despite their vehement protestations to the contrary.

Thus, on her return to the Rectory, she was quite in a fit frame of mind to receive the representations of the Rector, who had possessed himself of Mrs. Mansfield's conciliatory missive and waved it at her persuasively, while pointing out how much family quarrels are to be deprecated.

"I ask nothing better than to be friends with Aunt Julia again," she declared, "and I know very well what good reason I have given her for losing all patience with me; but as for going through another London season under her protection, that is a very different thing. To her it could only be a disappointing thing, because I have made up my mind now to live and die an old maid, and to me it would be a weariness of the flesh, because I have seen all that I want to see of fashionable life. But, of course, if I am in your way or a trouble to you here, I will go."

Mr. Dimsdale combed his beard with his long fingers, moved restlessly about the room, and began: "My dear Veronica, the very least thing that we can do, in return for your generosity to us, is to give you a home—"

"If you talk like that," interrupted Veronica, "I shall leave to-morrow."

"Well, well, my dear, I know what you mean, and I trust that I have acted rightly in accepting your help, though I cannot always feel sure about it. But what I was going to say was that, it is almost imperative upon you to marry, and that you ought not to neglect occasions of meeting some possible husband. You must, I take it, eventually reside upon your estates, and a single woman of your age who attempts to live in that way necessarily finds herself confronted by a thousand obstacles."

"All of which," remarked Veronica, laughing, "can be obliterated by a few strokes with a pen. My estates will not trouble me long; because I intend to transfer them to some other luckless, or lucky, person."

"But the other person, as I understand, won't have them."

"One other person won't; but I have a second string to my bow—even a third, and perhaps a fourth. Now, Uncle John, you who know human nature so well—for you could not preach the sermons you do unless you knew it—must be well aware that people are not so desperately disobliging as all that. Why, you collected as much as three pounds four shillings and twopence for the victims of an earthquake last week; and can you doubt that somewhere or other there is a kind soul to be found who will accept several thousand acres of earth that is never likely to quake, rather than leave it as a burden upon the hands of a distressed fellow-creature?"

"This is trifling, Veronica," said the Reverend John, shaking his head. "But at all events, you will write a pleasant letter to your Aunt Julia, will you not?"

"Oh, yes! I will write her a pleasant letter," answered Veronica, "as soon as I have satisfied the cravings of an enormous appetite. Now may I have some lunch, please?"

CHAPTER XXII.

JOSEPH IS WILLING TO OBLIGE.

Who would not wish, for choice, to be at peace with all the world? Judging by the law reports and the telegraphic despatches from foreign capitals which enliven our breakfast-tables every morning, there must be quite a large number of persons who prefer a different state of things; but to judge people by their utterances is almost always a mistake, and perhaps we should come nearer to the truth if we were to assume that our neighbours were made of very much the same clay as ourselves. Now, nothing can be more certain than that we, the writer and readers of these words, are and always have been satisfied with a recognition of our bare rights—are even, it may be, willing to dispense with some of these for the sake of a quiet life. Veronica, therefore, who was not at all more unreasonable than the rest of her sex, gladly accepted Mrs. Mansfield's overtures, and despatched so amiable and humble a reply to South Audley Street that her reluctance to quit rural scenes for the moment was overlooked. The next post brought a second letter from Aunt Julia, conceived in a spirit of true kindness and forbearance.

"My dear Veronica" (she wrote), "I entirely agree with you in thinking that the less we say for the future about what is now past and cannot be helped the better. Perhaps I spoke rather too sharply to you before we left Broxham, and if I did, I can only say that I am sorry; but you must admit—and I am glad to see you *do* admit—that I had very great provocation. As for quarrelling with those whom I love, it is a thing that I never have been able to do, though they have generally tried their very best to make me, and you may be sure that when you come to London you will find no difference whatever in me. Horace, who called here a day or two ago, is, I am glad to tell you, in his usual health and spirits, and laughed most good-humouredly at the idea that he cherished any unfriendly feeling towards you. There are very few men, I should think, who would so readily pardon a girl for having made them look ridiculous; but of course, as everybody says, Horace can afford to display generosity. Universally liked and admired as he is, he has the consolation (if he wants any) of knowing that his friends' pity is bestowed rather upon you than upon him, and, after all, it isn't as if he would ever have the slightest difficulty in making a really brilliant match. At the present moment, I know of more than one—however, this will hardly interest you; I only wanted you to understand that the self-reproach of which you speak in your letter, and which I can't call unbecoming, is no longer necessary."

"By the way, I hear that there is every probability of a marriage being arranged between your friend Dolly Cradock and Mr. Hornblower, the well-known M.F.H., of whom you may have heard. He is a widower and not very young, but has plenty of money, I believe; so it sounds suitable. Personally, as you know, I never could endure the girl's vulgarity, and Horace, good-natured though he is, must have found her a dreadful bore during her interminable visit to you; but no doubt she has good qualities which I am not clever enough to discern, or you would not have taken such a fancy to her."

Mrs. Mansfield concluded what was meant for a very astute composition with many expressions of goodwill, and Veronica, reading between the lines easily enough, was both amused and satisfied. That Dolly Cradock was about to espouse a wealthy old gentleman she believed no more than she did that Horace was hesitating as to which out of a number of possible brilliant matches he should make; but it was a comfort to be told that she was no longer in disgrace, and she kept Aunt Julia's written statement, foreseeing that a time might come when it would prove useful for purposes of quotation.

For the present, at any rate, there was nothing to be done but to await events and make the best use that could be made of Mr. Mostyn's benevolent instruction in the art of poetry. These were bestowed upon her by the great critic without stint. Scarcely a day passed on which he did not either stroll up to the Rectory or appoint a meeting-place with her elsewhere; and although he was somewhat chary of his praise, he gave her sufficient encouragement to make her happy.

"All this," he told her one day, "is only schooling; and the reason why there are more public failures in literature than in any other branch of art is that most people embark upon it without any preliminary schooling at all. You must not think of putting these early efforts into the fire; for the ideas are good and will be of use to you later. But the form is not quite right yet. Have patience, and a time will come when you will be able to see your poems in print and rejoice that they have been printed. I know at least one unfortunate poet who suffers acutely from the contemplation of his juvenile essays."

"As if my very best could ever approach your very worst!" exclaimed Veronica.

"My worst is about as bad as anything can be, and my best is no more than tolerable. If I am remembered at all

after my death it will be for my criticisms upon other men's work, which are more careful than the general run of English criticisms. But to speak the plain truth, my dear Miss Dimsdale, neither you nor I have it in us to be really great. What we can do, and what we are doing, is to educate ourselves, so that we may be able to distinguish great things from small. The task is a tedious and difficult one; but it is worth undertaking. Indeed, I often doubt whether anything else in the world is worth undertaking."

This seemed to be putting the case rather strongly; but some exaggeration was permissible to a man whose aims were

Veronica asked whether it would not be a simpler and better plan to endow somebody else with a special gift of the estates which she did not want; but Mr. Mostyn replied, with a smile, that that plan struck him as lacking simplicity.

"You have already tried to put it into practice," he remarked, "and you have had an opportunity of observing consequent complications. My advice to you is to attempt no further experiments in that direction, and to stick to what cannot any longer fairly be called experiments. By this time next year you will be looking at poetry and prose from such

which he had once professed to feel for her. But Joseph—although he, too, had exhibited himself in a somewhat disappointing light of late—was less unpardonable; and a very great as well as wholly unexpected pleasure it was to see his tall, loosely knit figure advancing to meet her when she was returning one evening from her accustomed riverside haunts.

"You dear old boy!" she exclaimed, holding out both her hands to him with a cordiality which she could not repress, though she knew that he hardly deserved it. "What has brought you home?"

"Great Northern Railway to King's Cross, and Great



"You dear old boy!" she exclaimed, holding out both her hands to him with a cordiality which she could not repress.

so lofty and who was so admirably free from all sordid taint. He applauded Veronica's indifference to wealth, assuring her that what the majority of mankind believe to be of such vast importance has very little to do with the actual meaning of life.

"One takes things as they come and shapes one's course accordingly," he said. "Responsibilities cannot be altogether evaded; but, with a just sense of proportion, they can soon be reduced to their proper level. When you have written a sonnet in which I am unable to pick a hole, you will have gone a long way towards fulfilling the object of your existence; somebody who has not your special gifts must be paid to see that no holes can be picked in the management of your estates."

a totally different point of view that you will scarcely recognise yourself."

It might be so, Veronica thought; but she did not quite see why, even if she were destined to become a second Mrs. Browning, the Broxham property should be less of a white elephant to her. Profoundly as she admired and respected Cyril Mostyn, there were moments when his language seemed to her to have an artificial ring, and when she longed for five minutes of the sober common-sense of Joe Dimsdale—or even of Horace Trevor. Not that she really wished to see Horace again. He had forfeited all claim upon her regard by the very rude and unfeeling reply which he had made to her letter—a reply, moreover, which had dispelled any lingering doubt that she might have entertained as to the nature of the regard

Western from Paddington," replied Joe. "Likewise filial duty; likewise a long-cherished wish to tell you what I think of you, my dear. I found that I could be spared for about ten days, so I thought a little holiday might be good for me and others."

"It is good for me, at all events, to see you again," Veronica declared. "That is, unless you are going to scold me. But I hope you will not be so foolish."

"I shall not be so foolish, Veronica. What is the use of flogging a dead horse—or a dead donkey either, saving your presence? You have been and gone and done it now, so that scolding would serve no good purpose, would it?"

"None whatever," answered Veronica, placing herself at once in a mental fighting attitude; "so please don't fulfil

your threat of telling me what you think of me. I have no wish to hear."

"The worst of it is," remarked Joe, lighting his pipe with much deliberation, "that I don't quite see my way to talk to you at all without expressing my sentiments. Added to which, I don't know of any reason why I shouldn't express them."

"Surely you might allow me to take them for granted! You think what everybody else, except Mr. Mostyn and Uncle John, thinks; you have no patience with me for having upset a comfortable, convenient arrangement at the last moment, and you are not at all disposed to give me credit for having done what I did simply because it was unavoidable. I might have expected you to be a little more generous and a little less dense; but never mind. One comfort is that I need not apologise to you, since you will be in no way a loser by what has occurred."

"Dear me! Who would ever have suspected you of having such a shrewish temper? Man and boy, I have known you, I may say, all my life, Veronica, and this is the first time that I have heard you make a really nasty speech. But I am not offended. I can feel for a young woman who has every reason to be ashamed of herself and who falls back, as women always do, upon abuse when she is conscious of having no defence to offer."

"Joseph, you are trying to make me lose my temper, and you might spare yourself the trouble, for you will not succeed. I am not going to be put upon my defence by you, nor have I said anything in the least abusive. Now let us change the subject. I hope you have been getting some shooting in Lincolnshire lately."

"It is kind of you to hope so, my dear; but shooting comes to an end on the same date in Lincolnshire as in the other parts of England. Consequently, I have been devoting my whole time and attention of late to the study of agriculture, as per agreement; and I trust you will not have cause to regret your liberality in providing me with the means of completing my education."

Veronica thought this last allusion so cruel and in such bad taste that she had much ado to keep the tears out of her eyes. She walked on for some yards before she could trust sufficiently to the steadiness of her voice to remark—

"Well, if I have made a nasty speech to you, you have made a very nasty one to me now. So we may cry quits." And then, letting her dignity go by the board, "Don't you turn against me, Joe!" she exclaimed beseechingly; "I have so few friends left!"

"Portrait of one of 'em," returned Joe, tapping himself on the breast. "Now, Veronica, you know very well that I shouldn't turn against you if you had committed a murder, instead of only having tried to cut your own throat; but I must say that you are a bit aggravating. I daresay you will have the grace to admit that you have kicked up all this dust about nothing when I tell you a piece of news which only reached me yesterday. I have the pleasure to inform you that a marriage has been arranged, and will shortly take place, between Miss Craddock and an old chap of the name of Hornblower, who has lots of tin and keeps any number of horses. What do you think of that, my dear?"

"Oh, I heard from Aunt Julia that there was a probability of that engagement," answered Veronica indifferently, "I think that, as she says, it sounds suitable; but I don't know why you should have thought it was likely to have any special interest for me."

"Come, Veronica, this is hardly fair upon an old pal, from whom you used to have no secrets once upon a time. You don't expect me to believe that you weren't madly jealous of Miss Dolly Craddock when you broke with Trevor, do you?"

"I am sorry to say, Joseph," answered Veronica, "that I can expect nothing reasonable of you in your present mood. I certainly did hope and think that Dolly and Horace would marry, because I am sure that they are fond of one another; but I suppose the truth is that they are both too selfish to face poverty, and unfortunately they cannot be persuaded to accept comparative riches. As for jealousy—but it really isn't worth while to protest against such accusations. As you know, I never pretended to be in love with Horace. At first I thought that I could marry him without being in love with him; but afterwards I found that I couldn't, and so I was obliged to break off the engagement. That is the long and the short of the whole business."

Joe looked a good deal disconcerted. He had evidently anticipated that the intelligence which he had probably

journeyed to Harbury Vale for the sole purpose of imparting to his cousin would have a very different effect upon her, and Veronica was not ungrateful to him for his well-meant interference. It was, however, necessary to make him recognise that he had been under a complete misapprehension, and, after hearing all that she had to say, he was fain to acquiesce sadly in accomplished facts.

"And what do you propose to do now, Veronica?" he asked at length.

"That is just what I was going to tell you, and that is just where I hope I may count upon your help, Joseph. Of course, if I could have made over Broxham to Horace Trevor, I should have preferred to do so; but it is now quite certain that he will not take the property from me, and it is quite as certain that I can't retain it with any comfort to myself. Therefore I wish to transfer it with as little delay as possible to the person who would inherit it if I were to die to-morrow; and you are that person, Joseph. It is true that you are rather young; but you know something about the management of an estate by this time, and you like a country life, and you can't possibly have the same objections that Horace has to relieving me of my burden."

"Well, no," answered Joe, consideringly; "I can't plead those objections, certainly."

"And after a time you will marry, and perhaps I shall be godmother to one of your children, and I shall come and stay with you sometimes."

Joe nodded. "It all sounds very nice and very practicable," he agreed.

"Then let us look upon it as settled. You have no idea what a weight you have taken off my mind!"

"Stop a bit," said Joe, knocking the ashes out of his pipe against the heel of his boot and taking some time over the

AN INTERESTING WEDDING.

In a day when revolting daughters are raising their high voices, and when the bitter cry of the eldest sons of peers is heard in the land, the importance of parents is in danger of being overlooked. And yet in the case of such a wedding as that which is announced to take place on June 18, the public interest is almost entirely connected with the high position held by the parents of the bride and bridegroom. Miss Violet Maxse, who on this occasion will be the cynosure of eyes, is the charming daughter of Admiral Maxse, for many years a prominent figure in naval, literary, and social circles. The bridegroom is Lord Edward Herbert Cecil, son of the Marquis of Salisbury. The gallant father of the bride has a record of which he may well be proud. It was he who acted as flag-lieutenant to Sir E. Lyons during the Admiral's inspection of the Circassian coast, and young Maxse bore the flag of truce previous to the attack on Redout Kaleb. In the stirring scenes which took place at the bombardment of Odessa he was a participant, and assisted at the disembarkation of troops. He gained the Crimean and Turkish medals, and was promoted for bravely carrying, at imminent peril, despatches after the battle of the Alma, being honourably mentioned in gazettes. But it is well-nigh needless to recapitulate the incidents which have made Admiral Maxse's life remarkable, for is he not the hero of Mr. Meredith's book entitled "Beauchamp's Career"? Even while that story was illuminating the pages of the *Fortnightly Review* in 1875 there were not wanting those who thought they identified Beauchamp. When it appeared in book form, in 1876, others in the circle of intimates of both the author and Admiral Maxse traced the likeness between the venturesome Nevil and his supposed prototype. "Beauchamp's Career" drew a notable

review of its merits from the friendly pen of James Thomson ("B. V."), and it remains a favourite example of Mr. Meredith's matchless style. In the brilliant series of pictures which follow one another in rapid succession in its pages one has little difficulty in tracing the familiar features of one who has long been the intimate friend and neighbour of Mr. George Meredith. The Admiral has ever had an ardent love for politics, though probably he has discovered that "there's pitch and tar in politics as well as on ship-board." Mr. Meredith has reciprocated the warm esteem in which he is held by Admiral Maxse by naming his son after him. The kindly impulsiveness which has often driven him into print, the love of argument,

the magnetic power over his fellows, the British pluck—all these characteristics reflect Admiral Maxse in the Nevil Beauchamp whom the great novelist makes us admire as a man of many parts and a host of friends. Miss Violet Maxse, in like manner, has been introduced to the public through the medium of a celebrated painter. Few, perhaps, are aware that she was the original of "Puss in Boots," that pretty study of a child which hangs side by side in many a home with "Cherry Ripe," by the same artist. Sir John Everett Millais' picture was reproduced in colours, and presented with *The Illustrated London News*, in 1878; and thus, unwittingly, Miss Maxse's portrait is in the possession of many thousands of people who cannot help taking an increased interest in her career from this fact. The bride is an excellent linguist, being one of the many English girls who can speak French "like a native." She inherits her father's courage, and was one of the earliest to make the ascent of the Eiffel Tower before its completion.

Lord Edward Herbert Cecil has not as yet come prominently before the public. He is the fourth son of the ex-Prime Minister, and was born July 12, 1867. His eldest brother, Viscount Cranborne, M.P., the heir to Hatfield, also bears the name of Edward, prefaced by James, which for generations has been a favourite name in the Cecil family. The bridegroom is a lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards, and has lately acted as one of the aides-de-camp to Field-Marshal Viscount Wolseley, Commander of the Forces in Ireland. He is a veritable son of Anak, and his height, which is considerably over six feet, makes him an extremely noticeable figure in any assembly. He takes no very keen interest in politics, like his father and eldest brother, but we presume he would acquiesce in Miss Halkett's query in "Beauchamp's Career"—"Do we not owe the grandeur of the country to the Tories?" Everyone who has any acquaintance with either of the families to be united by this interesting alliance will wish that Lord Edward and his bride may win the esteem of the world as worthily as their parents already possess it.



Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.

THE MARRIAGE OF LORD EDWARD CECIL.

operation. "Of course you are making me a very handsome offer, Veronica, and I don't deny that the life of a country gentleman would suit me rather better than any other; still, a step of this kind ought not to be taken without considering ways and means, and I doubt whether I could afford to live at Broxham even if the place belonged to me. It's a big house, you see, and from what I heard when I was with you there I am afraid the rent-roll isn't as big as it ought to be."

"Oh, but I will provide the means as well," said Veronica. "At least, I will, unless you object to taking money from me."

"That will simplify matters," observed Joe. "No, I don't object to taking money any more than I do to taking land: after all, you are only giving me what you don't want. How large a sum will it be?"

"Well—it shall be sufficient; I don't think I ought to say more until I have consulted Mr. Walton," answered Veronica; for the truth was that she had hardly expected to find Joe so businesslike, and she could not help feeling a little disappointed in him.

"Quite right," answered the young fellow, nodding approvingly. "If this thing is to be done at all it must be done in cold blood, and we must both of us know what we are about. Meanwhile, we had better keep the project to ourselves in case it should never come off. Don't you think so?"

Veronica had no doubt as to that, nor was she unwilling to agree to Joe's further suggestion that they should now dismiss the whole subject from their minds.

(To be continued.)

OUR SUMMER NUMBER.

Now publishing, our Summer Number for 1894, containing *Stories by Bret Harte, Miss Braddon, I. Zangwill, Lady Lindsay, and Margaret L. Woods; a One-Act Play by Max Pemberton; Two Splendid Coloured Pictures; and Numerous Illustrations by Fred Barnard, R. Caton Woodville, Bernard Partridge, A. Forestier, A. Birkenruth, G. P. Jacomb-Hood, and others. Price One Shilling.*

HEVER CASTLE.

Situated in the rural seclusion of some of the prettiest and most typical of the undulating Kentish scenery, the far from "ruined pile" which is the subject of our Illustrations remains as a cherished memento of another age—one of those links that bind the past with the present and give a distinct charm to the facts of history and the fancies of historians.

The great interest that attaches to Hever centres in its associations with Anne Boleyn. It is generally recognised as her birthplace, though this is disputed. At all events, it was her home, as it had been of her family for two or three generations. It was here that she was visited by "Bluff King Hal," who was to become her husband and her murderer. Here also she was forced to retire when her betrothal to young Lord Percy had been frustrated by Cardinal Wolsey at the instigation of the King; and her bed-room still contains many relics of the secluded life she led here. After the fall of the Boleyn family, that "much-married monarch" who won—or possibly took by force—so many hearts, claimed and seized the estates in right of his murdered wife, with the result that the castle and manor were settled for life on Anne of Cleves at a yearly rental of £93 13s. 3½d.

There is indeed much to recall the Boleynes outside the walls of the castle and the moat which surrounds them. In the church hard by may be seen many quaint brasses which record the names and dates of certain members of the family; while there is a fine tomb to the memory of Sir Thomas Boleyn, who, as Ambassador to Francis I. of France, arranged the famous meeting between that monarch and his own sovereign, which took place between Guisnes and Ardres. He is also of national interest as the grandfather of Queen Elizabeth.

The camera better than the pen can portray the existing features of Hever Castle. As it was in the fifteenth century it still remains, for time has been merciful—doubtless of necessity—to its solid masonry. It is

advancement which characterises his countrymen and our own. The interest in the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow" centres round Katrina van Tassel, of whom Mr. Boughton gives so charming a picture as to make it obvious that to his taste the "Anglo-Dutch" is as attractive as the best native—if, indeed, she be not actually indigenous to the Kaatskills, of which the bold landscape scenery is

identical. The last and most important painter of the school is Dosso Dossi, who mingled a fine sense of humour with his brilliant colouring and clever composition.

It is perhaps the misfortune of exhibitions consisting wholly of loan pictures that the managers must be under some difficulty in restraining the eagerness of owners to claim for their pictures authors who would look askance



HEVER CASTLE, FROM THE NORTH.

artfully conveyed by the setting in which Mr. Boughton has placed his quaint and attractive personages.

The Ferrara School of Painting, which has been made the subject of a special exhibition at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, enjoyed a short but brilliant existence of less than a century. Founded by Pisanello, under the patronage of Leonello d'Este, it closed with Dosso Dossi, for although Morelli makes out a Ferrarese genealogy for Correggio the school of Parma will not willingly abandon its claims to its greatest master. The reputation of the Ferrara school is, consequently, bound up with Cosme Tura, who combined the business of a timber-merchant with the profession of a painter; Francesco del Cossa, whose work is represented here only by photographs; Ercole de' Roberti Grandi, a realistic painter of considerable force; and Lorenzo Costa, who brought from the neighbouring and cognate school

at such attributions. On the other hand, the advantage of these exhibitions is that they gather together under one roof the real and the imaginary works of great masters—unfortunately, too often disfigured more by restoration than by time. For instance, no one would imagine or believe that Correggio's "Holy Family," lent by her Majesty, could possibly have been the work of the artist to whom the adjoining picture, "Christ taking leave of His Mother," is confidently ascribed. With all his faults (as revealed by the higher criticism) Correggio could draw gracefully as well as naturally; but in the latter picture a shapeless hand of superhuman size straggles over the centre of the canvas. In like manner the treatment of Medea's hair (7) in the picture attributed to Ercole de' Roberti is quite unparalleled in any other of the works which bear that artist's name. The portrait of Bianchini by Francia is doubtless in perfect condition, but it has been repainted



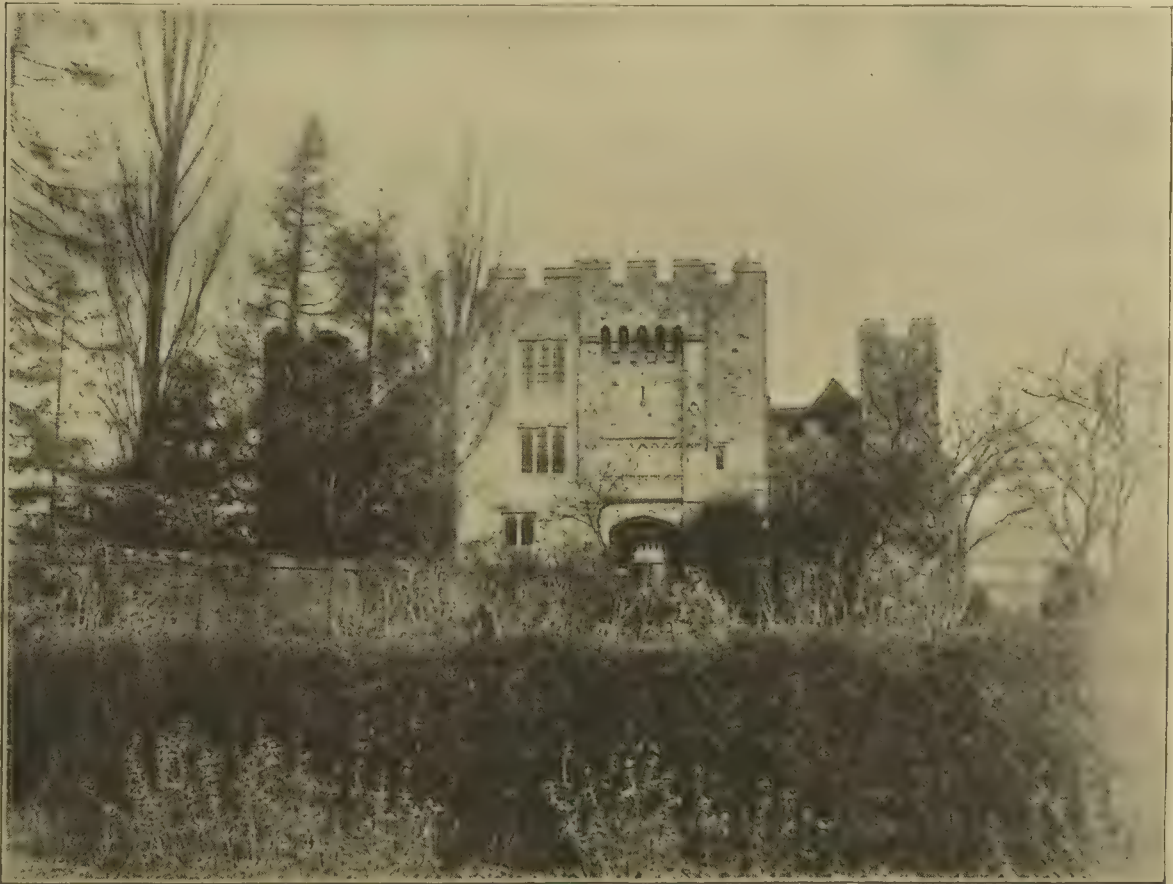
ENTRANCE GATE, HEVER CASTLE.

hard to believe that it has seen four centuries, though its old grey walls have assumed a scaly appearance beneath a coating of dull-coloured lichens which detract from the grimness that might otherwise characterise them. The keep and portcullis, both in good preservation, are fine architectural specimens of the kind. One's only regret on gaining the old courtyard is that admission has not been obtained from men-at-arms, and that no celebrities clad in Tudor costume can personally welcome their nineteenth-century visitors. Perhaps they do so in spirit.

C. E. W.

ART NOTES.

Mr. G. H. Boughton's water-colour drawings illustrating "Rip van Winkle" and the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," now on view at the Fine Art Society's Gallery, are a pleasant change from the usual run of such exhibitions. Mr. Boughton has hitherto done little in water-colours, and few people were aware of his mastery over this delicate medium. Indeed, we feel almost inclined to resent his neglect of a method by which the delicacy of his touch and the play of his fancy can be brought home to the most casual observers. In the present case his sympathy with Washington Irving's fables is not less apparent than his own imaginative power, and the ease with which he adapts himself to the alternately sentimental and fantastic moods of the author constitutes the real charm of this collection. Critics may dispute as they will about Mr. Boughton's technique, but there are few who will not admit that among his contemporaries, for sense of humour combined with poetic fancy he is without a serious rival. In the book-reproductions of these water-colours much of the finer qualities of his work was lost by the reduced scale on which they were necessarily reproduced. Seen as they were actually designed and painted, they reveal New England life as it may have lingered long after the days of the Knickerbockers. Mr. Boughton has here revived once more that delicate satire on his countrymen which Irving may have intended to convey, and has admirably realised to our eyes the dreamy Rip van Winkle, who for ages will stand as a protest against the feverish race for wealth and



SOUTH FRONT, HEVER CASTLE.

of Bologna the influence and precepts of Francia, whose actual localisation in art has perplexed most writers. Among the other almost unknown names are those of Ercole de' Giulio Cesare Grandi—possibly a relative of Roberti—and Garofalo, a pleasing artist who dealt with classical as well as religious subjects, but he is most interesting to antiquaries and the like, who assert and deny with equal vehemence that Garofalo and Ortolano are

more than once. These are slight but inevitable drawbacks to loan exhibitions, but they do not depreciate the value of such gatherings, or lessen our gratitude to the committee of the Burlington Fine Arts Club for the pains which they have bestowed upon their work, and for the liberality with which they allow the outside world to profit by the fruit of their labours—as collectors and cognoscenti.

DR. STIRLING'S GEOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES IN SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

A good deal more than fifty years ago the late Sir Richard Owen described some fragmentary remains of extinct mighty monsters brought from the interior of Australia by Sir Thomas Mitchell. They were those of marsupial or pouched animals, such as are, or were, nearly all the mammals which, so far as is known, have ever inhabited the great island continent, but of a size that may fairly

work in Queensland. Yet twelve months elapsed before it was found possible to send a working party from the Adelaide Museum to the scene of action. These operations were carried on for four months in spite of frequent interruptions caused by rain; but at the end of that time all work was absolutely stopped by a heavy downpour, which compelled the leader to return, bringing with him as many bones as could be carried in a "buckboard" buggy. These served but to increase the appetite for more, and, accordingly, in August 1893, Professor Stirling himself started

One remarkable feature in the whole discovery, and that, indeed, which led to it, is the existence of skeletons lying on the surface. Sometimes (as will be seen by one of the figures here given, from photographs sent by Professor Stirling) the relative position of the bones has been preserved to such an extent that the form of the skeleton is outlined. Usually in such cases the animal is lying on its side, with the head and limbs plainly visible and more or less extended; but the actual bony substance has generally disappeared, and the condition of the specimens rendered the greatest care in their treatment necessary for preservation. Some were so friable that they crumbled into powder and could not be removed, others were soft and of the consistency of putty, others again were firm and hard; but the greatest difficulty was due to the fact that so many were saturated with what was practically a concentrated saline solution, which had to be left to drain away—a process that occupied much time. Other bones were encrusted and impregnated with gypsum crystals. The heads of the animals pointed in all directions, and the limbs, with their several segments greatly bent, were almost invariably at a greater depth than the rest of the skeleton, the feet being deepest of all. This attitude strongly suggests that death occurred through the animals being bogged, as Professor Stirling observed a very similar attitude to be assumed by the camels in similar circumstances.

Another and very singular trouble presented itself to the explorers. During November last their camp became almost unbearable from the stench proceeding from the carcasses of the rabbits which swarmed all round, destroying (as already said) the herbage wanted for the camels, and dying from drinking poisoned water. This nuisance became so great that, combined with sandstorms, the heat of the season, and ophthalmia, which afflicted almost the whole party, the camp was broken up at the end of that month.

It is satisfactory to know that the Government of South Australia has reserved the area comprising Lake Callabonna for the purposes of further exploration to be carried on under the direction and authority of the Adelaide Museum; and mention must be expressly made of the timely, generous, and unconditional assistance afforded by Sir Thomas Elder, G.C.M.G., without whose liberality it would have been impossible for Professor Stirling to organise and carry on the researches already made, the details of which are awaited with impatience. A. N.

At the request of M. Laguerre, in Paris, who has been delivering lectures on Louis XVII., and who does not accept the proof of the Dauphin's death in the Temple in 1793, the grave in St. Marguerite's cemetery was reopened on June 5. A coffin was found, with the letters "L . . . XVIII." inscribed inside the lid; it contained the bones of a boy, and a medal of the Virgin, dated 1832. This is the coffin which was accidentally discovered in 1846,



BUCKBOARD BUGGY WITH CAMEL TEAM, USED BY PROFESSOR STIRLING.

be called gigantic when compared with the largest even of existing marsupials—an "old man" kangaroo. In all the period that has since intervened a few more remains have by degrees come to light, and these remains are by no means unimportant; but they have left much to be desired. Of one of the departed giants, called by Sir Richard *Diprotodon*, from the conspicuous prominence of the two front teeth which it bore in either jaw, it came to be known that it was at least as large as a rhinoceros, and seemed to occupy a place midway between the kangaroos and the phalangers, though it might well be regarded as the type of a family distinct from either, for in several significant features it differed from nearly all other marsupials, and from its huge bulk it plainly could not have possessed the arboreal habits of the latter, while the same consideration rendered doubtful the view that it could have been endowed with the leaping powers of the former, though the configuration of its hind limbs was not actually determined.

In this state of uncertainty it was with unusual interest that some two years ago naturalists were apprised, by a telegram sent to this country by Professor E. C. Stirling, of the University of Adelaide, of the discovery in the interior of South Australia of a vast number of bones of extinct monsters in the dried-up bed of a lake, at that time spoken of as Lake Mulligan, but since called Lake Callabonna, from the native name of a large watercourse which leads to it; and all were glad to learn that that gentleman, with his usual energy, had taken steps to have the discovery turned to the best account. Naturalists know what to expect from the zeal which he had displayed in successfully following up a former brilliant exploit—the discovery of ten extraordinary mole-like marsupial *Notoryctes*, of which a figure and description appeared in *The Illustrated London News* for September 1891; and everyone felt sure that the matter could be safely trusted in his hands. Nobody, however, suspected that the business of the investigation would prove to be one of unusual difficulty, or anticipated the number of vexatious delays that would accompany the accomplishment of its initial portion—the recovery of the bones and their safe conveyance to Adelaide, a distance in a straight line of about 400 miles, to which an additional 150 or 200, according to the route taken, has to be allowed for necessary deviations. Lake Callabonna has a length of over fifty miles, but like many of the Australian lakes, such as Torrens and Eyre, it deserves its name on rare occasions only, being ordinarily a shallow, salt-encrusted clay-pan. In this condition it was when, in January 1892, an intelligent aboriginal reported to Mr. F. B. Ragless, a colonist in the vicinity, that its surface was strewn with bones, and a few days later that gentleman satisfied himself by personal observation of the truth of the report, which was at once communicated to Professor Stirling, and a survey of inspection was soon after made by Mr. H. Hurst, who had previously been engaged in geological and palaeontological

work in Queensland. Yet twelve months elapsed before it was found possible to send a working party from the Adelaide Museum to the scene of action. These operations were carried on for four months in spite of frequent interruptions caused by rain; but at the end of that time all work was absolutely stopped by a heavy downpour, which compelled the leader to return, bringing with him as many bones as could be carried in a "buckboard" buggy. These served but to increase the appetite for more, and, accordingly, in August 1893, Professor Stirling himself started

for Callabonna with Mr. Zietz, the assistant director of the Museum; but on their reaching the spot, rain again delayed operations for a whole fortnight, as considerable sheets of water collected on the low-lying flats, filling up the excavations already made and rendering the surface generally impassable for the camels, which had been liberally put at their disposal by the Government of the colony, since without the assistance of those animals nothing could be done. Even as it was, they often sank nearly to the belly in the glue-like mud, out of which it was necessary to dig them, while, owing to the ravages of



FORE LIMB.

HIND LIMB.

GEOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES IN SOUTH AUSTRALIA: SKELETON "DIPROTODON."

rabbits, fodder could scarcely be procured for these useful beasts, thus adding another to the existing difficulties. In the course of another fortnight, however, operations were resumed, with the result that at least one complete skeleton of the large *Diprotodon australis* was recovered, and a second only less perfect, while remains of a considerable number of other species more or less allied to it are among the tons of material that have been rescued by extraordinary toil and are now undergoing examination at Adelaide.

and it seems that what were then declared to be the remains of the Dauphin were reinterred.

At a meeting of the Manchester City Council, on June 6, Sir J. Harwood, deputy-chairman of the Ship Canal Board, stated that they might expect a deficiency on account of the undertaking of over £146,000 in December 1893, and that the Corporation would probably have to find money for the payment of interest on debentures in 1896, which might necessitate a rate of over 1s. 6d. in the pound.



THE SKINNERS' COMPANY'S ALMSHOUSES, MILE END ROAD, BEFORE REMOVAL.

A MYSTERIOUS MONK.

BY ANDREW LANG.

If there is a difficult minor puzzle in history it is to discover the identity and the motives of the writer known to French students as *Le Religieux de Dunfermling*. I can only sketch the broad outlines of the problem here, imploring anyone who is better advised to lend me his light. When M. Quicherat, about 1847-50, published his great collection of documents on the Maid of Orleans he cited a French translation, made in 1519, of a Latin chronicle written by a Scotch monk of "Dunfermling," who boasted in his prologue that he had been with the Maid in her life and at her end. Later, Quicherat found that a copy of this monk's manuscript was in the Bodleian. Unluckily it breaks off in the middle of a line just where the account of the *Pucelle* commences. This manuscript was given to General Fairfax by the widow of Drummond of Hawthornden about 1650. In a note Fairfax mentions that Lord Dumfermline possessed what seems to have been another copy. The work was edited by Mr. Felix Skene, in 1877, under the name of "The Book of Pluscarden" ("Liber Pluscardensis") from one of six known manuscript examples. The author, in a prologue, says that the Abbot of Dunfermline has ordered him to abridge the chronicle of Fordun, and its continuation by Bower, and to add matter which came under his own knowledge, especially about "the marvellous Maid." As we have seen, his work stops abruptly at the point where he begins to enter on this very topic. Now, who was this author? His identity he conceals. He even leaves a blank for his Abbot's name. His own he promises to give at the end of Book VI. But the name is nowhere given, and, in the Glasgow MS. the half-page which might have contained the name is torn off. The name, a century later, was unknown to George Buchanan, as he shows by merely quoting "him who wrote the book of Pluscarden." It is impossible to guess the cause of this secrecy.

Mr. W. F. Skene made a plausible conjecture about the author, who certainly wrote at Pluscarden, a cell of Dunfermline, in 1461. First, the author was a clerk and a Scot, in France during the career of the Maid, 1429-31. Next, he alleges that he was in France later, with the wife of Louis, afterwards Louis XI., and he knew the Dauphiness well. He was a Highlander, for he gives Gaelic names correctly. Now, in 1427, a Scots clerk, Maurice Buchanan, M.A., received money from the French Government to accompany Sir John Stewart of Derneley to Scotland on a diplomatic mission. He is described as a kinsman of Sir John's. This Sir John married the second daughter of the Earl of Lennox, whose eldest daughter married the Duke of Albany, and by him became mother of a daughter who, again, married Sir Walter de Buchanan, and had a son, Maurice Buchanan. Thus Maurice was grandnephew by marriage of Sir John Stewart of Derneley, whom he accompanied to Scotland, as we saw, in 1427. In 1436, Bower mentions "Maurice de Buchanan, M.A.," as treasurer of the Dauphin's wife.

Here we have a Scottish clerk writing, in 1461, a chronicle, in which he says he knew Jeanne d'Arc and the Dauphiness; and here, in history, we find a Scottish clerk, Maurice Buchanan, treasurer of the Dauphiness, and present in France about the time of Jeanne d'Arc. It is an easy inference that the chronicler and Maurice Buchanan are the same man. But, as Mr. Felix Skene shows, Maurice, if he was the grandnephew of Sir John Stewart, could not have been born before 1412. How, then, could he be a master of arts, and a diplomatist in 1427, at the age of fifteen? Perhaps he was the son of his father by an earlier marriage; but then he was no kind of kin to Sir John. Moreover, we do not know that his father had been married before his nuptials to the daughter of the Duke of Albany.

Had the chronicler been Maurice Buchanan, had he been attached to Sir John Stewart, he must have been well informed about the Siege of Orleans, in 1428-29, for Sir John was killed on Feb. 12, 1429, in the Battle of the Herrings, at Rouvray, when attacking an English convoy of provisions under Sir John Fastolf. On all this matter Maurice Buchanan, as Stewart's kinsman and companion, cannot but have known the truth. But on all this matter he makes the most singularly incorrect statement, which is actually adopted by his editor, Mr. Felix Skene. This gentleman puts the date of the Battle of the Herrings right—namely, on Feb. 12, while Mr. W. F. Skene puts it wrong, Feb. 10. Mr. W. F. Skene is also wrong by a year as to the date of the Maiden's death! But Mr. Felix Skene, in "Liber Pluscardensis," Vol. II. xxix., informs a surprised people that Sir John Stewart "had been sent with twenty thousand men to intercept a convoy of provisions which Lord Talbot was bringing from Paris." Here he follows our mysterious and hopelessly mistaken chronicler (Book X., ch. xxx.). It was not Talbot, but Sir John Fastolf, who came from Paris with provisions. Stewart had not twenty thousand men (which is absurd), but "about four hundred without the archers," or, in all, some fifteen hundred men. So says the "Journal du Siège d'Orléans," copied, in these parts, from an official register of daily events. The discrepancy cannot be understood, if the chronicler were the companion and kinsman of the defeated Stewart, over whose grave, by the way, he sheds no tear, and whom he even censures on another occasion. "Call you this backing of your

friends?" But there is yet more incredible nonsense. The chronicler casually remarks that the Duke of Bedford—the Regent of France for our Henry VI.—after gaining the battle of Verneuil, "was smitten with most loathsome leprosy on his return to Rouen, and expired, leaving the government to the Earl of Salisbury" (Book X., xxix.). This is the kind of statement that takes a man's breath away. An infant of tender years would not babble thus foolishly. Verneuil was fought in 1424. "Put case" that Bedford died soon after of leprosy. How, then, could he be a chief agent in the burning of Jeanne d'Arc at Rouen in 1431? Remember that this frantic monk calls himself a companion of Jeanne d'Arc, present at her death in Rouen in 1431. Yet he assures us that the chief of her English enemies in 1431 died in 1424-25! Bedford really died in 1435. The monk's editor never comments, as far as I have observed, on this glaring inconsistency, far worse than the ludicrous talk of twenty thousand men under Stewart, far worse than the confusion between Fastolf and Talbot.

Historians are accustomed to regret the loss of the chapters about the Maid of Orleans, written by the mendacious or careless Monk of Dunfermline. But if they were on the level with his other exploits in fable they are better lost. The curious thing is that in his five or six interrupted lines about the Maid he is absolutely correct, even where other contemporaries occasionally go wrong. Moreover, he gives curious details, unknown to Bower, on some points; and, while retaining Bower's absurd statement concerning Bedford's death, he describes it in a more rhetorical style. The whole affair of the monk, his identity and his blunders, astonishing if he was in France at the time of the siege, remains a mystery.

BATTLES OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

VII.—WATERLOO.

Of all the battles of modern times none has retained a deeper and prouder interest for Englishmen than that of Waterloo, which lent such an unfading lustre to our arms. What tourist is not familiar with its bloody field? What reader is unacquainted with the leading incidents of the glorious fight? To begin with, the political issues that depended upon it were tremendous; and they were decided by the God of Battles in favour of the British, who had every right to plume themselves on having been the chief contributors to a victory which redounded to the good of all Europe. But in more respects than this it was also an epoch-marking struggle. For it was one of the last examples almost, in European warfare at least, of a good stand-up, shoulder-to-shoulder set-to on the old heroic model; and that is one of the main reasons why it has always retained such a fascination for the martial youth and manhood of Britain. As a nation the English exult in the spectacle of personal antagonism—whether on the battle-field, the football-field, the cricket-ground, or the racecourse. Inkerman, indeed, and even the Alma, were fought out on pretty much the old Waterloo lines; but, from the time of Waterloo, tactics began to enter that stage of their development which has now converted the British soldier (in Europe, at least) into little more than a mere isolated rifleman potting away at his distant foe. Like Inkerman, Waterloo, with all due reverence for the genius of the great Duke, was essentially a soldier's battle; and never, even on the plains of the Peninsula, had the British soldier, to quote the words of his most brilliant historian, Napier, better shown with "what majesty he could fight." "How did you manage to win Waterloo?" asked a lady afterwards, of Wellington. "Well, Ma'am," replied the Duke, "I can scarcely tell you. Only they pounded us, and we pounded them, and I suppose we pounded the hardest, for we won the fight."

I remember the late Count Moltke once remarking that Waterloo was one of the finest instances of defensive warfare in all history, and that none but the English could have withstood the fiery assaults of the French for so long without flinching. Their immortal victory is typified on the field by a monumental lion; but perhaps a bull-dog on the mound would have better symbolised the peculiar form of courage which they displayed through the long and sanguinary hours of that wet June Sunday. It is comparatively easy to fight upon the offensive, thought Moltke, for then you gather additional momentum and mauling power as you go. But to stand up in an open position, like so many wickets on a cricket-field, and be incessantly bowled at by batteries and charging squadrons all day long, without leave to leap from your impatient lines and lash out at your assailants—was that not enough, reasoned the great German soldier, to quell the courage (damped and drenched as it had already been by a night's rainy bivouac) of all but the very stoutest and most steadfast of fighting men, not to speak of "martial boys"? For let it not be forgotten that Wellington had but very few of his old Peninsular veterans at Waterloo, these having meanwhile dispersed to all the colonial quarters of our world in the fond belief that the Satanic Corsican had now at last been definitively caged up, and that his ranks for the most part were filled with the newest of recruits, one or two of whom may even still survive to testify to the fact that they had not yet emerged from their teens when they crossed the sea to form the immortal squares wherein the Gallic fury broke like waves of foam upon our rocks.

But, indeed, the Duke himself, on this 18th of June (the anniversary, by the way, of Frederick the Great's most crushing defeat—Kolin), looked anything but old, having barely entered his forty-sixth year, so that he was in the very prime of all his powers; while his great antagonist, though several months his junior, was already a victim to physical decay and pain, and on this Sunday morning in particular he was suffering from a malady which made it irksome for him to sit his horse. Perhaps this personal infirmity of Bonaparte did much to countervail his great predominance over his English opponent in point of numbers, for while Napoleon's army amounted to about 72,000 men with 246 guns (his force of cavalry, in particular, being enormous), the English commander only disposed of about 67,000 combatants and 156 guns (apart from Blücher's Prussians, who only arrived in time to pick up the game which Wellington had winged); while, again, of these 67,000 Wellingtonian troops, only about a third were British, the rest being Dutch, Belgians, Hanoverians, and what not. Practically, Wellington fought the battle with about 50,000 soldiers of diverse nationalities, many of whom bolted when threatened with a tornado of Napoleon's attacking troops, leaving the brunt of the conflict to be borne by the British backbone, or rather breastbone, of the allied army—to the assistance of which it was known that the Prussians were hurrying up as fast as ever they could across the rain-sodden country from Wavre, on which they had retired after their defeat at Ligny, two days before. On the same day Wellington had fought and conquered at Quatre Bras, and many were the splendid feats of arms which won that other glorious field, though they only formed the prologue to, and were dwarfed by, the more stirring incidents of Waterloo.

Wellington himself said that it was just as impossible to describe a battle as to describe a ball; and even now Waterloo continues to live in the popular memory less from any detailed description of the stupendous fight than from a fondness of the national mind for dwelling on the leading incidents of the fray—the wet and cheerless bivouac of the night before, the marshalling of the allies along their narrow mile of front, and the morning ride of Wellington along this bristling line, like royal Harry at Agincourt—

With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty;

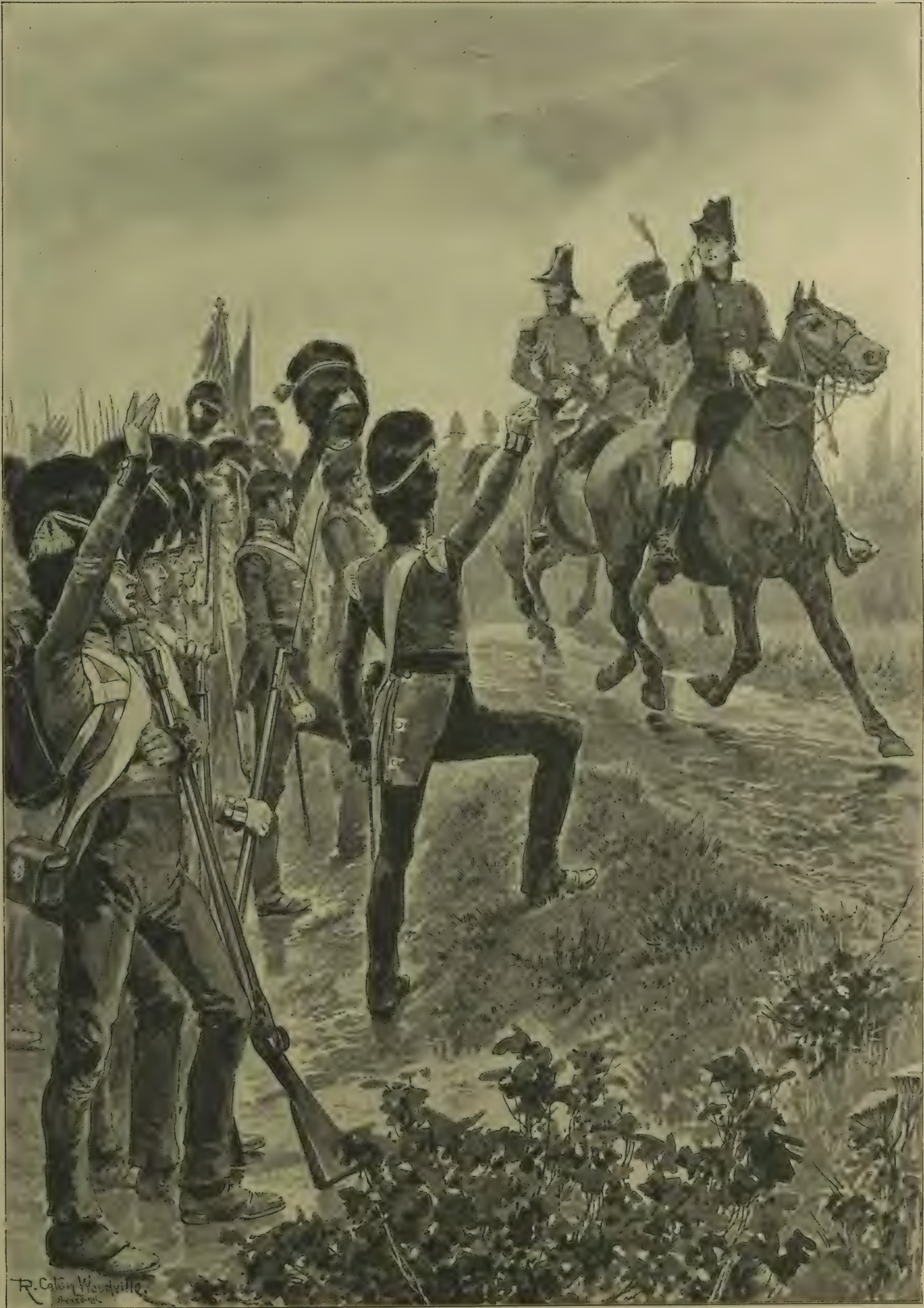
the rousing shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" that greeted the corresponding inspection on the other side; the guns of Napoleon that opened the ball; his desperate assault on Hougoumont, the key of our right wing; and its heroic holding to the end by the English Guards; the charge of Somerset's Household Brigade of Horse on the French Cuirassiers, followed by the desperate onset of Ponsonby's Union Brigade composed of regiments representing the three nationalities—Royals, Inniskillens, and Scots Greys, one of whose sergeants, Ayrshire Ewart, gained his commission by slaying three of his foes and capturing an eagle; the wild shouts of "Scotland for ever!" as the Highlanders, seizing on the stirrups of the Greys, rushed with their mounted countrymen into the mêlée; the stolid and unshakable heroism of our English squares as successive charges of cavalry, one of them by a mass of no fewer than seventy squadrons, broke like spray upon their impenetrable walls of steel; the piercing and reparation of the British centre; the longing to God for the coming either of darkness or the Prussians; the frantic efforts of the French culminating in the onset and repulse of the old Imperial Guard; and finally, after eight hours of the most desperate fighting recorded in history, the rising of Wellington in his stirrups as, with a joyful wave of his hat, he ordered his whole line to rise from its position and leap like lions upon the retreating foe, who had now also begun to be pressed by the advancing Prussians, with "Marshal Vorwärts" at their head; and the subsequent meeting of the two allied commanders at La Belle Alliance. It was indeed a glorious victory as ever had been won, though it had cost the British about seven thousand in killed and wounded. But it added a leaf to our laurels that will never fade. As Scott sang—

Yes, Agincourt may be forgot,
And Cressy be an unknown spot,
And Blenheim's name be new;
But still in glory and in song,
For many an age remembered long,
Shall live the towers of Hougoumont
And field of Waterloo.

CHARLES LOWE.

Among the recent art publications, of which the increasing number gives the measure of popular appreciation, may be mentioned the reproductions of L. J. Cowen's "The Old Strad" and of A. Burreington's "A Bribe." The former picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy as far back as 1886, and attracted considerable attention on account of the thoroughly Dutch feeling and humour the artist had thrown into his work. It has now been reproduced by the Swan Electric Engraving Company, of which the methods are probably unsurpassed by any other process in this country. How far it can compete with other processes in the matter of cost is another matter. Mr. Burreington's "Bribe," reproduced by Messrs. Cadbury Jones and Co. (Haymarket) belongs to a category of pictures called into existence by Mr. Fildes' success with "The Doctor."

BATTLES OF THE BRITISH ARMY, No. VII.—WATERLOO.



WELLINGTON PASSING THE LINES ON THE MORNING OF THE BATTLE.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

BATTLES OF THE BRITISH ARMY, No. VII.—WATERLOO.



"THE WHOLE LINE WILL ADVANCE!"

Lord Wellington, at seven o'clock, after the repulse of the Old Guard, stood up in his stirrups, and, taking his hat off, cried, "The whole line will advance!"

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

BATTLES OF THE BRITISH ARMY, No. VII.—WATERLOO.



CHARGE OF THE SCOTS GREYS.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

LITERATURE.

TWO NOBLE LIVES.

The Story of Two Noble Lives: Being Memorials of Charlotte, Countess Canning, and Louisa, Marchioness of Waterford. By Augustus J. C. Hare. Three vols. (London: G. Allen).—The two ladies whose truly noble lives are here recorded were sisters—the only children of the eccentric Sir Charles Stuart (created Lord Stuart de Rothesay in 1828), who was our Ambassador at Paris from 1815 till 1824, and again from 1828 till 1830. Charlotte and Louisa Stuart were born at Paris—in 1817 and 1818 respectively—and but four years of their childhood were spent in England. In 1830 their parents settled themselves at Highcliff, on the crumbly Hampshire cliffs, near Muddiford, but of the four years of happy girlhood spent there, a few brightly sketched reminiscences jotted down by Lady Waterford in late life appear to be the only record, and these memorials of the sisters practically begin at the middle of the first volume. Both girls were exceptionally beautiful; both were endowed with remarkable artistic talents, and in each case to these gifts were joined great sweetness and strength of character.

In 1835, when she was little more than eighteen, Charlotte became the wife of the Hon. C. J. Canning, the only surviving son of the famous statesman, and a promising young man of three-and-twenty. Two years later he succeeded to his mother's peerage, and in course of time became Foreign Secretary, Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests, Postmaster-General, and Governor-General of India (for such was the odd sequence); and she one of the Queen's Ladies-in-Waiting; but until they went to India at the end of 1855 we hear very little of the Cannings, except in extracts from Lady Canning's letters written during her "waitings," which extended from 1842 to 1855. Lady Canning really comes into the story with her departure from England. She was an admirable letter-writer, and one may safely say that since Miss Eden's journals were published some thirty years ago, no descriptions of India so vivid and picturesque have appeared as those here extracted from the letter-journals which Lady Canning sent home. Not less vivid is the ghastly panorama of the Mutiny which these unfold for us, depicting the events of that awful time from a point of view so new that unexpected freshness is imparted to an oft-told story. But its chief interest for the reader of these memorials will be found in the picture which Lady Canning was unconsciously painting of herself as a perfect helpmeet to her husband during a time of trial both sharper and more prolonged than comes to most men. The worst had long been over and home in sight, when, at the end of 1861, Lady Canning caught jungle fever, and died at Calcutta, in her forty-fifth year. Her husband never recovered from the shock of his sudden bereavement; and he returned to England to die, a broken man, though he had not completed his fiftieth year.

It is time to turn to the younger, and in some respects the more interesting, of the Stuart sisters. Immediately after Mrs. Canning's marriage, Miss Stuart travelled in Italy with her parents for nearly two years, most of which time was spent in studying and sketching among the paintings and frescoes of the great Italian masters. On her return to England, in her nineteenth year, her grace and beauty attracted several *prétendants* of the highest eligibility, but her heart remained whole until 1841, when the most unlikely of suitors appeared in the person of "the wild Lord Waterford." Lady Stuart, who doubtless knew a great deal more of the character of the lover's "many strange exploits" than Mr. Hare seems to do, was aghast, but her husband thought the match a "good" one, and in June 1842 the marriage took place. No union could have seemed less promising, for, although Lord Waterford may not have appeared in a police-court for two or three years, he was unused to the society of ladies, and entirely devoted to hunting, shooting, and racing. Under the sweet influence of his wife, however, he proved himself to be a thoroughly good fellow at bottom, and the marriage turned out a happy one. Their life was spent mainly at Curraghmore, and though Lord Waterford was very frequently absent in the hunting-field or at race-meetings, his wife never complained, finding abundance of congenial occupation in helping the peasantry to civilise themselves, in beautifying her home, and above all, perhaps, in the dexterous handling of her pencil and brush. In all these duties and pleasures she enjoyed her husband's co-operation, and, as far as in him lay, his loving sympathy. All this happiness came suddenly to its earthly close in the spring of 1859, when Lord Waterford was killed almost instantaneously by a fall from his horse in the hunting-field. His widow bore her grief as such women are enabled to bear such trials, and soon retired to Ford Castle, in Northumberland, which, together with its revenues of about £10,000 a year, had been left to her for life. This house and its domain she gradually raised into a splendid monument to the memory of her husband, by lavishing on both all her taste and judgment, and more than all its revenues; and although some part of each year was passed at Highcliff (which she had inherited from her father), Ford was her home, and her neighbours there, of all degrees, her chief companions. Painting was, as it had always been, the absorbing occupation of her leisure; and those who remember the pictures Lady Waterford was used to send to the Grosvenor Gallery, or who saw the recent exhibition at Spencer House, will not be surprised to learn that her genius both for colour and composition was, as far back as 1866, recognised by Mr. Watts and Mr. Burne-Jones as capable of reviving the glories of the Venetian school. Lady Waterford died at Ford three years ago, and rests in the quiet churchyard there among the Border people to whom she had endeared herself.

To Mr. Hare, the compilation of these memorials has manifestly been a labour of love, but it has been performed with little skill or judgment. The plan adopted, according to which two lives that after girlhood moved in different orbits are artificially interwoven, was radically defective, while the confusion has been aggravated by the inclusion of a mass of trivialities and irrelevancies (many of the latter most interesting in themselves) which has swollen the work to at least double its proper size. Many of the illustrations are excellent.

LITERARY RELICS OF COLUMBUS.

Some years ago Mr. B. F. Stevens, distinguished as American bibliophile and antiquary, and the editor of Franklin, asked M. Girard de Rialle, custodian of the archives of the French Foreign Office, to show him "the most precious document in his keeping." The request was the parent of the splendid volume before us (*Christopher Columbus. His Own Book of Privileges.*—Stevens, 4, Trafalgar Square); for M. Girard produced a document of transcendent interest to Mr. Stevens as an American, one of the four copies, and of the only two surviving copies, of the manuscript book of his "patents, privileges, and concessions" which Columbus had caused to be made in 1502, when, on the eve of his departure on his fourth voyage, he had reason to fear that he was about to be robbed of the fruits of his discoveries by the chicanery of the Spanish lawyers. He had, therefore, forty-four documents, including his own letter to Donna Juana de Torres, nurse of Juan, Prince of Castile, transcribed as irrefragable proofs of the solidity of his claims. One of these, deposited with the archives of the Columbus family in the monastery of Las Cuevas, near Seville, has disappeared; another sent to Hispaniola has gone astray; two others, despatched to Columbus's native city of Genoa, have been more fortunate: one remains there; another, stolen by Napoleon, is now in the French Foreign Office, and has served Mr. Stevens for his reproduction. The result of his labours is a massy volume of equal beauty and dignity, printed in the beautiful type of the Chiswick Press upon hand-made paper approximating to the quality and imitating the appearance of the best paper of Columbus's period, bound in wood and pigskin to reproduce the antique binding, and clasped with miniature anchors. The original handwriting is facsimiled, and faced on the opposite page by an English translation in black letter, encircled by a printed copy of the Spanish text, divested of its contractions, in italic type. The translation, made by Mr. G. F. Barwick, of the British Museum, is elegant as well as accurate, and evinces great ability in dealing with the difficulties occasioned by the legal technicalities of the original. The copious and learned introduction of Mr. H. Harrisse is equally admirable and absolutely exhaustive of the subject. A more worthy monument to Columbus has seldom been raised, and there is no collection of rare and magnificent books, no public library, and no Spanish, Italian, or American patriot but may well covet this splendid and scholarly volume.

It should be mentioned that the other existing MS. preserved at Genoa was facsimiled and published by the authorities of that city last year, but without introduction or commentary. It is more beautiful than the Paris MS., and contains a remarkable passage in the letter to Donna Juana, not found in the latter, the only place in which Columbus speaks of his enemies.

LIFE IN THE OCEAN DEPTHS.

The Fauna of the Deep Sea. By Sydney J. Hickson, M.A., D.Sc. (London: Kegan Paul and Co.).—This book brings together in handy compass what is known about life in the ocean depths, far below "where the great whales come sailing by; sail and sail with unshut eye." In the beginning of the century naturalists were incredulous as to the existence of animals in the cold, still, sunless abysses, where the pressure is about two and a half tons to the square inch at 2500 fathoms, or nearly three miles' depth. And, until some fifty years ago, little effort was made to discover whether that disbelief was well grounded. A few voyagers dropped their sounding-lines at moderate depths, and brought up some minute life-forms, but the first direct proof of a large pelagic population was obtained through the breaking of a telegraph cable in the Mediterranean, which, when hauled up, had many organisms attached to it. But the Challenger Expedition, twenty years ago, set at rest the question of an abundant fauna at great depths and in all regions; and it is, therefore, with the results then obtained that Dr. Hickson's volume is mainly concerned. And intensely interesting those results are, well rewarding the years of labour of classification spent upon the materials.

As sunlight probably does not penetrate much below 500 fathoms, the deep-sea fish "strike on their own box"; giving out phosphorescent light whereby it is possible, as Dr. Hickson remarks, "that some regions may be as brightly illuminated as a European street is at night—an illumination with many very bright centres and many dark shadows, but quite sufficient for a vertebrate eye to distinguish readily and at a considerable distance both form and colour." Added to this is the variety of colouration of the fish, brown and black abounding, but brightened with the presence of even gaudy animals. There is a good deal of feeding on one another, but as there is no plant life, the only other source which can be surmised must be the dead organisms that fall from the upper waters. But this question of market supply for pelagic needs is still somewhat obscure. There are not, as might have been hoped, any primitive or ancient types of fish in the deep sea. All of them are related to species found in shallow waters, whence they must have migrated, becoming modified in structure, as in the acquisition of protection spines, large teeth, and prominent eyes (although in some species the eyes are degenerate) to adapt them to their new haunts. Besides the *Globigerina* ooze, mainly composed of the shells of *Foraminifera*, which makes up 98 per cent. of the deposits covering the stoneless plain of fine mud which composes the floor of the ocean, there occur "oxides of iron and manganese, probably of meteoric origin," witnessing, almost certainly, we should think, to the dropping of dust from the falling stars which burst as they come into collision with the earth's atmosphere. Very impressive is this rain of fine matter into the vast ocean depths—impressive also to remember that this has descended on waters that have never been other than they are from the beginning of the foundations of the earth. For the old notion that land and sea have everywhere changed places has no warrant, the abysses filled by the oceans have never been dry land, which has, with variations in detail, remained within the present continental areas. Even the thickest deposits of limestone have been formed in relatively shallow water.

A MAGAZINE CAUSERIE.

I had the misfortune last month, in a single sentence about Mr. G. W. Smalley's article in *Harper's* on the House of Lords, to convey what he considers a wrong impression of his views. I said he regarded the hereditary House of Lords as our only bulwark against revolution, spoliation, and other evils. Mr. Smalley has since reminded me that his article expressed no approval of the hereditary principle in the Lords, but the very reverse. I certainly assumed that his objection to the hereditary principle was more or less academic, and that the dominant note of the article was the suggestion that in the present grave emergency for social order it may be expedient to uphold the House of Lords, heredity and all. This shows how difficult it is to define (to his own satisfaction) the attitude of anyone who speaks with two voices. In the *Nineteenth Century* for June Mr. Smalley returns indirectly to the subject of the House of Lords in a paper entitled "Checks on Democracy in America." It is a very lucid exposition of the American Constitution, which Mr. Smalley supposes to be regarded by English Conservatives with envy and by English Radicals with disgust. If instead of the Constitution which permits our Opposition to turn out a Government on a vote of confidence, and even compels the House of Lords to submit to a decisive majority fresh from the constituencies, we could borrow the wondrously elaborate mechanism which gives the people of the United States four years to change their minds, by contriving a series of ingenious deadlocks in legislation during that period, we might be saved from that headlong recklessness so characteristic, as everybody knows, of the British nation. The social question, Mr. Smalley tells us with pride, has hardly yet been raised in his country—rather a curious boast, when you consider the condition to which American industrialism has been brought by the organised brigandage of "trusts" and "rings" in every branch of commerce. What sort of stability is provided by the "checks on democracy" for the political freedom of the Southern negro? What is the security for the decent administration of the law, say, in Tennessee? What are the "checks" on the prostitution of justice in the distribution of "spoils"? How much is done in the shape of real reform while the President and the House of Representatives and the Senate are wrangling over the thousand-and-one devices for the aggrandisement of "bosses" and the party "ticket"?

In the *Contemporary* it is suggested by the anonymous writer of the article called "Halt!" that the exhausting burdens of European armaments might be mitigated by a self-denying ordinance on the part of the Powers not to increase their military expenditure for the next six years. It is not easy to see the practical value of this proposal. No such bargain would be deemed binding for a moment if in the course of the six years any one of the Powers had any reason, real or imaginary, to suspect the designs of another. In such an emergency the military authorities would surely say, "Perish the self-denying ordinance rather than that our national interests should be jeopardised!" Mr. Andrew Lang discusses Lord Wolseley's "Life of Marlborough," and gently hints that even the utmost devotion to the Protestant religion does not palliate the blackest treachery. The Protestant champion in this case was quite ready to sell his country to Catholic James in the event of an unexpected stroke of fortune on behalf of the dethroned monarch. Mr. Lang, by the way, argues that the hostility to Marlborough in "Esmond" was not Thackeray's, but the natural sentiment of Colonel Esmond, who was a friend of General Webb. I have always understood, however, that Webb was an ancestor of Thackeray. But who can take any interest in warriors, alive or dead, when he reads the stirring appeal of Albert, Prince de Monaco, in the *Fortnightly*, to the noblest elements of civilisation? Albert, monarch of the Monte Carlo Casino, charges the nations to drop their swords and daggers. Perhaps he thinks the money spent on armaments would be better spent at the gambling tables which supply the revenue of his Principality. "War," says Albert, "is that bloodstained heirloom which our ancestors have handed down to our day, as if to humble the pride of our modern spirit." But he hopes that the realisation of daring conceptions for subjecting the resources of nature to man will abolish hatred between races. This exalted philosophy is inspired by the project for building a bridge over the Channel, to which, no doubt, the treasury of Monaco will subscribe handsomely. In the *New Review*, the "Secrets from the Court of Spain" have become a *chronique scandaleuse* of a rather nauseous kind. There is a vigorous blast from the Secretary of the Anti-Gambling League, who proposes an Act of Parliament for the punishment of newspapers which publish the betting odds. Mr. Keir Hardie sets forth what he calls the "case" for the Independent Labour Party, a vague and rambling statement, the best comment on which will be found in Mr. H. W. Massingham's article in the *Contemporary* on the political situation. The most entertaining paper in the *New Review* deals in the palmist's sense with "Some Noteworthy Hands." I learn that in Mr. Gladstone's hand "the length of the nails shows dislike of mockery or any other form of persiflage." As mockery happens to be one of the strongest weapons in Mr. Gladstone's oratorical armoury, I am afraid his nails are guilty of a base deception. After this I am suspicious of his "lines," which denote "interests over the sea, taken up five times," one of these interests being the "debate on the Corn Laws in 1842." Mr. Thomas Hardy's hand discloses the "evolution of original moral ethics," and no great love of the "small change of common conversation"; and in Lord Wolseley's hand there is "readiness to sacrifice anything in order to attain a really important end"—the glorification of Marlborough as a Protestant hero, for example. Anybody who is alive to the "crying need" of reform in the business of company promoting will find some shrewd suggestions in Judge Emden's article in the *Nineteenth Century*; and musical critics will be interested in Dr. Villiers Stanford's "crying need" in the *Fortnightly* for "one paper one critic." It is a sad thing, according to Dr. Stanford, that one man writes articles about music for several papers and does not sign his name. More than that, he is sometimes a person ignorant of music.

L. F. A.



"PANDORA."—BY D. G. ROSSETTI.

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"THE HUMMING TOP."—CARLTON A. SMITH, R.I.



"A LESSON IN GEOGRAPHY."—TOWNELEY GREEN, R.I.



"FOUND ON SHORE."—A. M. ROSSI.



"IN STRICT CONFIDENCE."—GORDON BROWNE.



DEAR LADY.

There have been buds that never bourgeoned
forth,
Since none did shield them from the nipping
North,
Bright birds that sate with plumage disarrayed,
And, wanting love, no note of music made.
So, lady dear, do thou be kind to me!

In Phœbus' rays the painted insects dance;
So doth my heart beneath thy kindly glance.
The breath of Boreas bringeth them to dust;
If thou be cold, then pine and die I must.
So, lady dear, do thou be kind to me!

In thy heart's p'casance go thy thoughts
astray,
As milk-white fawns that gambol at their play;
I with no lure, save this poor song alone,
Would snare them all, and give in change my
own.

Ah, lady dear, do thou be kind to me!

BARRY PAIR.

BASUTOLAND.

Basutoland forms an irregular oval in the north-east of Cape Colony; its area is about 10,293 square miles; it lies between 29 and 30 deg. south latitude, and between 25 and 28 deg. east longitude. The territory is well watered, and enjoys a delightful climate in the finest grain producing country in South Africa. The abundant grass enables the Basutos to rear immense herds of cattle.

Maseru, the capital, has a population of 600, of whom thirty are Europeans. As European settlement is prohibited, the white population will remain more or less limited to the few who trade in wheat, mealies, and Kaffir corn. There are indications of iron and copper, and coal has been found.

The Basutos are a tribe of Bechuana; the 1891 census recorded a total of 218,000. The race is of recent origin, being an agglomeration of peoples scattered during the Zulu conquests at the beginning of the century. The Basutos became powerful through the ability of their great chief Mosesh, and from 1848 to 1854 lived under a sort of British protectorate. After disputes with the Free State, Mosesh transferred the sovereignty of his country to her Majesty the Queen. Peace was concluded in 1869, and by its terms Basutoland was reduced to about half its original extent. The unsuccessful attempt of the Cape Government to disarm the Basutos in 1880 led to the disastrous rebellion, in which, after several months' fighting with the Colonial troops, no definite advantage was obtained on either side, and the resources both of the Colonists and Basutos were exhausted.

An award of the High Commissioner as arbitrator called upon the Basutos to pay a fine in cattle. A Bill was passed in 1883 to provide for the disannexation of the country. When the Imperial Government decided to undertake provisionally the administration, it was on condition that satisfactory evidence was given by the Basutos of their desire to remain under the English Crown, that the Orange Free State should undertake to cause the frontier to be respected by its subjects, and that the Cape Colony should pay over towards the cost of administration the custom duties received on goods imported into Basutoland. This offer was accepted by the Colony, and provision was made in

the Basutoland Disannexation Act for the payment of £20,000 a year, the Orange Free State also intimating its willingness to comply with the conditions so far as it was concerned. A great national "pitso" of the Basutos was held on Nov. 29, 1883, attended by the representatives of more than two-thirds of the whole tribe. These men

independent. Her Majesty's Government, upon this, decided that their conditions were sufficiently complied with, and immediately took steps for carrying on the government under the immediate authority of the Crown from March 13, 1884. The territory is ruled now by a Resident Commissioner. The chiefs adjudicate in all



MASUPHA, CHIEF OF THE BASUTOS, WITH HIS SONS.

unanimously expressed their desire to remain under British rule, and their willingness to pay hut-tax and comply with the other conditions on which the Imperial Government was prepared to assume the responsibility of the administration of the country. Several chiefs who were not at the "pitso" subsequently expressed their concurrence, Masupha alone refusing to accept the offer of the Government and desiring to remain

matters between natives, with a right of appeal to the magistrates' courts, where all cases between Europeans and natives are brought. The chief Masupha tendered his submission in 1886, and asked for a magistrate to be resident in his district. Law and order has been restored, serious crime, and the drinking habits which threatened to destroy the people, have been abandoned owing to the influence of the missionaries, the

chiefs, and the Government. There is not a canteen in the country. The missionaries hold the education of the country with discretion and ability. The imports are blankets, ploughs, saddlery, clothing, iron and tin ware, and groceries. The currency is exclusively British; but exchange and even payment of taxes are still largely conducted by barter. There are no railways or telegraphs. Postal arrangements are undertaken weekly by carts, and letters to and from Europe take about twenty-six days to deliver. Parcel post and money order systems have been extended to Basutoland. The nearest telegraph station is Ladybrand, in the Orange Free State, which is in communication with Cape Town. For fiscal purposes the country is divided into six districts, each subdivided into wards, presided over by hereditary chiefs allied to the Mosesh family. The revenue arises from the Cape contributions, the post-office, hut-taxes, and sale of licenses. In consequence of the hitherto unsettled state of affairs it has not been found practicable to gather reliable statistics of exports.



THE KAFFIR PARLIAMENT, BASUTOLAND: THE CHIEF PRESIDES; MR. SPEAKER APPLIES THE CLOSURE.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

A correspondent writes to ask me if I have ever heard of "horned men," and if so, where they live and what is the nature of the growths they exhibit. The only "horned man" I have ever heard of are the Akim men, belonging to an African tribe. The "horns" are not borne on the top of the head, nor are they of the nature of the growths we see familiarly in the cow or sheep. They are horny overgrowths (or "exostoses," as the surgeon calls them), springing from the cheek-bones, and appear, as far as I can learn, to be permanent possessions of the tribe in question. Professor Macalister, of Cambridge, has written on this subject, in the Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy (Vol. III., 1883), and on turning up that mine of biological wealth Sutton's "Introduction to General Pathology," I find the figure of a "so-called horned man of Africa" given, from Macalister; and a second figure from Mr. Hutchinson, showing two such bony growths in a patient, symmetrical in nature and springing from the upper jaw-bones, is also given. What is apparently of infrequent occurrence in civilisation is a permanent possession of savage life in the case of the African tribe named. Mr. Sutton, indeed, says that "in this instance we have to deal with a pathological condition which has become inherited by the males of this particular tribe of Africans."

In past years I have had the pleasure of alluding to the "Summer School of Art and Science" (for both sexes) which, on the model of the Chataqua gatherings in America, has been successfully carried on in Edinburgh for some years past by my friends Professor P. Geddes and Mr. J. Arthur Thomson. The programme of the summer gathering for 1894 is before me. This is the eighth session of the gatherings, and that for the present year will extend from August 6 to August 31. The main idea which animates these summer gatherings of those interested in the advance of culture (which I take to be synonymous with that wisdom whereof everybody seeks a share) is the application of educational ideas to practice and to the wants of the life social, life ethical, and life physical. The link between school and college and the active world outside is sought to be supplied and forged in these summer gatherings, and it seems my friends seek to constitute this link amid the pleasantest of environments in the beautiful capital of the North, and in a fashion which makes learning less a task than a pleasure. The programme for this summer includes courses of lectures on education and psychology, hygiene, biology, geography, geology, and art. The merit of the teaching is that everything is to be practical and applied. There will be excursions to illustrate the geographical and geological teaching, the biology will be practically taught, and I can certainly promise those who attend the course, that, whatever be their special tastes and likings in the way of research and study, they will not return empty-handed, but bring these intellectual sheaves back with them. Above all, the cost of this culture is not great; but those who wish to know all the details will obtain a full-reply from Dr. Riccardo Stephens, 4, Ramsay Gardens, University Hall, Edinburgh.

The exact origin of "hallucinations in the sane" (should they not rather be called "illusions"?) is a topic in which are included many phases of social interest. I have been reading a paper by Dr. W. S. Colman on this topic, and gleaning some interesting information from the professional experiences he details. His special study has been the hallucinations of sane people, produced by, or associated with, local disease of the organs of sense. Thus, a patient had an eye trouble for some years, and developed hallucinations of sight. Cockroaches with red eyes swarmed over her bed and on the ceiling. This person had also visions of a woman in red "all on fire," who kept coming to her bedside. Another patient troubled with his eyes beheld the faces of almost everybody he had ever seen in his life. Ear troubles have like effects.

Dr. Colman remarks that in most cases the hallucinations were of simple nature, such as the faces of people familiar to the patient, or rats and beetles—objects which from childhood have been associated with alarm or fear. A red colour is that which very frequently appears subjectively to the patient; blue is much less common, while Dr. Colman says green is rare. He is probably quite correct when, following Dr. Hack Tuke's teaching, he holds that it is not necessary to suppose that in a patient suffering, for instance, under hallucinations of sight there is not only a mental or brain idea of what is seen, but also an actual stimulation of the eye's retina, such as would result had a real outside object been witnessed. In the hallucination we have to deal with the perceptive centres of the brain, and not merely with the sense-organ. But perchance both sense-organ and brain-centres act together, or at least take a relative share in the production of the illusions. The whole subject is interesting, if only because it teaches us anew how fallible, after all, sense and judgment may be, depending as they do not merely upon our sensations derived from the outside world, but upon these sensations as modified by the receiving-offices of the brain within.

I have been edified by the publication in a recent issue of our lively contemporary the *Sketch* of a facsimile of a communication in which an indignant reader (I should say a lady reader, decidedly) protests against the Editor profaning his pages by publishing a portrait of Professor Burdon-Sanderson. The grounds of the complaint, of course, are that Dr. Sanderson, as a physiologist, happens to have had recourse, now and then, to experimental investigations on living animals, by way of elucidating points in human history bearing on the relief of pain and the cure of disease. I can practically sympathise with the Editor of the *Sketch* in this matter, because I am often favoured with like communications to that he has received. They are always anonymous, always abusive, always self-assertive, and occasionally coarse. The Apostolic dictum about suffering fools and ignorant and silly persons gladly, is a great comfort to me in this matter; and thus comforted, I remember with pleasure the many kind and cheery letters from readers of this column which it is my lot and happiness to receive.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

LEAMINGTON.—No, the Pawn must be taken *en passant* at once. You will probably find the rule in Staunton's "Praxis."

C SCHULTZ.—Thanks for communication.

P H WILLIAMS (Hampstead).—We have little doubt your problem will prove acceptable, as usual.

W OXLEY.—The reason for wanting the solution was that none had been received.

W PERCY HIND.—Thanks, it shall receive due consideration.

A BOLUS (Sparkbrook).—Problem duly to hand with thanks.

J W S (Montreal).—Many thanks for all your kindness. The cuttings have proved most interesting and useful.

C BURNETT.—Send the problems you mention by all means. We shall be glad to examine them.

A HILL.—We will play over the game and hope to publish at an early date.

BLAIR COCHRANE, KEITH, and OTHERS.—To prevent a double mate.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2607 and 2608 received from Ernesto Werna (Rio de Janeiro); of No. 2616 from Bruno Feist (Cologne), Carolon, and MA Eyre (Folkestone); of No. 2617 from G Rauch (Constantinople), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), Hereward, Charles Wagner, Leopold Wagner (Vienna); Bruno Feist, R Worters (Canterbury), Blair Cochrane (Clew), Hermit, W H S (Peterborough), A J Haggood (Haslar), J D Tucker (Leeds), W E Thompson, J Bailey (Newark), E J Gibbs, Percy Gibbs, and E G Boys.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2618 received from Charles Burnett, R H Brooks, J Dixon, H S Brandreth, C M A B, G R Croll (Glasgow), Alpha, L Desanges, E B Foord, W Mackenzie, E G Boys, J D Tucker (Leeds), H E Lee (Worthing), J Coad, F H P Dudley, W P Hind, Hereward, Myles Taylor, W R Raillem, T Roberts, Ubique, A Newman, T G (Ware), H H (Peterborough), Charles Wagner, Leopold Wagner, C D (Camberwell), Admiral Brandreth, J Hall, F Glanville, Sorrento, R Worters (Canterbury), Dawn, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), A H B, E E H, Blair Cochrane (Clew), Martin F, E J Gibbs, jun., W H S (Peterborough), Percy R Gibbs, E Loudon, Carroll of Ashford (Wicklow), W Wright, Bruno Feist (Cologne), F Waller (Luton), G Joicey, Shadforth, H B Hurford, and A Church.

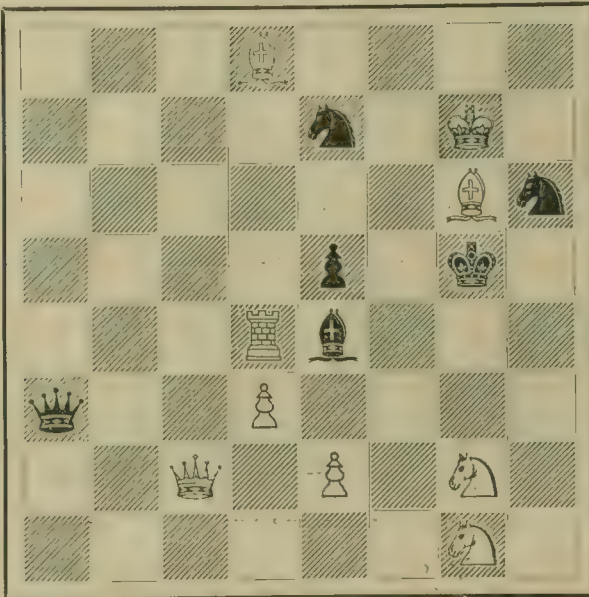
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2317.—By W. FINLAYSON.

WHITE	BLACK
1. Kt to Kt 4th	Any move
2. Mates accordingly	

PROBLEM No. 2620.

By CHARLES BURNETT.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN CANADA.

The following is the sixteenth game played in the match between Messrs. STEINITZ and LASKER.

(Queen's Gambit)

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	26. P to B 4th	Q to Kt 3rd
2. P to Q 4th	P to K 3rd		This afterwards will appear good enough, if now somewhat obscure. It goes to prove how thoroughly Black masters all such positions.
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	27. Q takes Q	P takes Q
4. B to Kt 5th	B to K 2nd	28. B takes P	Kt to K 2nd
5. Kt to B 3rd	Q Kt to Q 2nd	29. B to K 4th	R takes Q P
	Black here adopts a different defence from that previously used, and to our thinking a distinctly better one.	30. B to B 3rd	Kt to B 4th
6. P to K 3rd	Castles	31. K R to K sq	Kt to B 2nd
7. P to B 5th	Kt to K 5th	32. R to Kt sq	Kt takes Kt P
	This must be an effective defence, unless a better reply can be found than this game affords.	33. R takes Kt P	Kt to B 4th
8. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt	34. R to Kt 7th	R takes R
9. B takes B	Q take B	35. P takes R	R to Kt 5th
10. Kt to Q 2nd	Kt to B 3rd	36. R to Q B sq	Kt to Q 5th
11. Kt to B 4th		37. K to Kt 2nd	R to Kt 7th (ch)
	To prevent P to K 4th. But surely it is safer to play B to K 2nd.		All these moves are splendidly planned and well timed.
12. P to Q Kt 4th	P to Q Kt 3rd	38. K to Kt 3rd	R takes Kt P
	The theory of Mr. Steinitz that advanced Pawns are targets for attack is admirably exemplified by his own game.		A pretty way of disposing of a troublesome customer. The rest is a fitting conclusion to a most instructive game.
13. Q to Q Kt sq	Kt to Q 4th	39. B takes R	Kt to K 7th (ch)
14. Kt to K 5th	P to K B 4th	40. K to B 3rd	Kt takes R
15. Kt to B 6th	P to Q R 4th	41. K takes P	Kt takes P
16. P to K R 4th	Q to Kt 4th	42. K to Q 4th	K to B 3rd
17. P takes Kt P	Q to Kt 4th	43. K to B 5th	Kt to B 6th
	A master stroke that threatens P takes P, opening Q and R on White's King.	44. K to B 4th	Kt to K 7th
18. Q takes P	P takes K P	45. K to Kt 5th	Kt takes P
19. P to B 3rd	B to Q Kt 2nd	46. K takes B	Kt to K 3rd
20. P to Kt 5th	B takes Kt	47. P to R 5th	Kt to B 5th
21. P takes B	P takes P	48. B to B 3rd	Kt to B 4th
22. P to Q 3rd	Q to R 3rd	49. K to Kt 4th	P to K 4th
23. P to Kt 3rd	Q R to B sq	50. K to B 3rd	P to K 5th
24. Q R to B sq	R to Q B 2nd	51. B to Q sq	P to K 6th
25. Castles	R to Q sq	52. B to B 3rd	K to Kt 4th
		53. K to B 2nd	K to R 5th
		54. K to Q sq	K to Kt 6th

Another interesting performance of exhibition play was given by the Chess Bohemians on Saturday, June 2, when Mr. A. E. Tietgen, starting from the normal positions of various gambits, contested seventeen simultaneous games against an exceedingly strong team of opponents. His final score was: 7 wins, 6 losses, and 4 draws, which, considering the strength of the opposition, marks him as a fine simultaneous player.

Belfast, as a strong and vigorous chess centre, has made rapid advances these last few years. There are now in full operation several large and flourishing clubs and private circles within the city and suburbs, and the season just ended has marked a new epoch in the general interests of chess study and practice.

The suit of the Dowager Duchess of Sutherland, in the Probate Court, against her stepson, the present Duke of Sutherland, to establish the validity of the late Duke's will made in 1892, bequeathing to the Dowager Duchess about half a million sterling, ended on June 7 in a settlement by the defendant withdrawing his opposition to the will, so far as concerned the amount of her interest, but leaving the administration of the estate in the hands of the Duke.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Ascot gowns are the very culmination of the season's dress, as that week is the busiest and most important of the season. Nothing is too fine for Ascot. One of the best gowns prepared for the occasion at a great house was a green and pink shot cr  pon with splashes of green silk all over it; sleeves and vest made of water-green moir  , a zouave of white lace over pink, and collar of lace fastened at the left side of the throat under a big rosette of pink velvet. The skirt was trimmed with alternate trails of pink velvet ribbon and green watered ribbon, from waist to hem, the alternate colours ending under a rosette of its opposite in each case. Then came a chen   silk with pink and green contrasting with each other in the shading of the pattern; the skirt was raised high at each side over an underskirt of cream silk, trimmed in rows with cream guipure laid over pink ribbon; the bodice had a corselet of chen   silk with a guimpe of cream cr  pe de ch  ne strapped over with pink ribbon, which also formed a row of bows along the bust. To go with this was a black Panama hat, with pink ribbon under the wide brim, and a trimming of blush pink roses, black osprey, and pink and cream wide ribbon bows. A dark blue cr  pon has embroideries along the zouave, and also along the sides of the handkerchief point draperies of the front of the skirt, of steel beads, and a vest covered flatly with guipure over white silk; a white silk sash encircles the slender waist and falls to the ground at the back. A grey cr  pon cut like an Eton coat showed a vest of white satin sparkling with crystal embroideries, the revers being faced by, and the collar constructed of, pale blue velvet; a panel of crystal embroidery on white was inserted at the left side of the skirt, on one side of this being a wide revers and on the other a mere piping of the pale blue velvet. A little flat bonnet of cream fancy straw with blue strings and blue and grey tips was to be worn with this; altogether a very pretty costume.

A smart gown of cornflower-blue cr  pon had a bodice of pleated black chiffon with a bolero jacket of green velvet heavily embroidered with jet, the skirt being similarly trimmed with rows of green velvet encrusted with jet. A black satin spotted with pale blue formed sleeves and folded vest to a gown of pale yellow cr  pon, the skirt trimmed with a series of rosettes three tiers deep of the same spotted satin. A pink and green shot silk with tiny medallions of a faint mauve patterning over the surface boasted a bodice of   cu guipure, cut low in the throat so as to show a single row of pearls, the lace draped across the figure in front, and a folded Swiss-shaped belt of the silk coming at the back halfway up to the shoulders and drawn well down over the gathers of the skirt. A very pretty fancy silk, which on being looked at closely proved to be in three faint stripes—pink, black, and white alternately, but which at a glance appeared to be a shot of a curiously effective combination, was cut out in deep vandykes round the skirt, a finely gathered frill of pink chiffon appearing beneath; the bodice was entirely draped with pink chiffon, the yoke, and an edging down each side of the front that gave a sort of vest effect, being both of finely pleated folds of the chiffon, held in their place by delicate embroidery of tiny beads and silks in many tender colours. A deep flounce of lace draped the edge of a skirt of Pompadour patterned glac   silk, shot from cream to shell pink and covered with tiny bunches of roses and foliage; the lace flounce was fixed on every here and there by little knots of baby-ribbon. The bodice was of the same silk with a yoke of white silk muslin with an infinite number of rows of the baby ribbon drawn over it, and ending under a full-pleated berthe of the lace that went round the bust. A daffodil silk had a plain white lace flounce, headed by a row of lace insertion; similar rows went round the skirt up to near the waist, and the bodice was of folded black chiffon trimmed with white lace insertion in bands that went in serpentine folds round and round the figure—the huge tops of the sleeves were yellow silk, and the cuffs black chiffon twisted round with the same white insertion.

Humphrey's Hall, Knightsbridge, is at present the scene of an exhibition of matters connected with those important members of the community—babies. In one sense, anything that aids the healthiness of the house is useful to the babies therein, and from this point of view, filters and disinfectants are perhaps in place; but, really, stay-busks and stereoscopes cannot, by any stretch of the imagination, be supposed "babyish"! The bulk of the display, however, is specially connected with the health and comfort of those small members of society to whose protracted helplessness and absolute dependence on the patience, the tenderness, unselfishness, and watchfulness of the mother Professor Drummond attributes the origin of "The Ascent of Man." The book-stall and the kindergarten toys are an interesting collection, and there are all manner of inventions, some of great interest and importance. Every day at three o'clock, Mrs. Ada Ballin, who has made this subject a special study, lectures on some point of management of childhood, and at other hours there are girls' gymnastic displays, cookery lectures, and musical performances. The Duchess of Portland, the Countess Dundonald, Dr. Mary Scherlieb, of Harley Street, Lady Margaret Graham, Sir J. Crichton-Browne, M.D., and his wife, and "John Strange Winter" are among the patrons of the show.

Lady Henry Somerset presided on June 9 over a huge meeting, which was held in Queen's Hall and overflowed into the Polytechnic, in favour of the inclusion of women in the Government Registration Bill. Not only does this measure propose to make it more easy and certain for the poorest men to secure their votes, but it also distinctly enfranchises new classes, including among them men who have not paid their rates; yet it does not propose to enfranchise any women. The same truly "great lady" whose name begins this paragraph is one of those who not only desire to be able to influence politics for the public good, but also are untiring in efforts to do service to others in those more private ways—those ways that relieve the immediate results of social blunders instead of, or rather while, waiting to seek out and amend causes—that are traditionally the right ways for the charity of women to be exercised. She has undertaken to provide a daily free meal during the strike for the children (numbering some hundreds) of cabmen living on her own London property.



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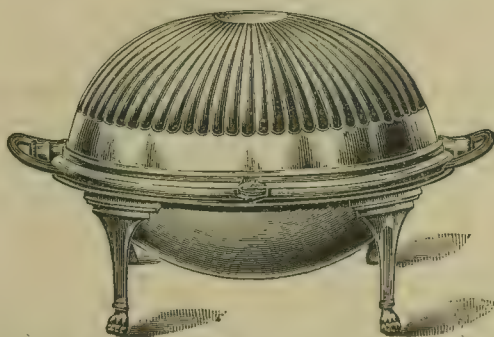


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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Nov. 10, 1893), with a codicil (dated Dec. 12 following), of Miss Ann Green Gertrude Rolleston, of 9, Hyde Park Terrace, who died on March 16, was proved on May 1 by Charles Grosvenor Byam Martin and the Rev. Thomas Simcox Lea, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £116,000. The testatrix bequeaths £2500 to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; £2000 each to the Irish Church Missions, the Church Missionary Society, the Colonial and Continental Church Society, the Church Pastoral Aid Society, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and the Mission to Deep-Sea Fishermen; £1500 to the Royal National Life-Boat Institution, to provide a life-boat to be named *Theodore Price*, to be placed on the Welsh Coast; £1000 each to the Evangelisation Society (21, Surrey Street), the London City Mission, the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society, the Society for Promoting Female Education in the East, the Royal Sea-Bathing Infirmary at Margate, the General Hospital at Birmingham, St. Marylebone Home for Incurables, the Hospital for Diseases of the Throat (Golden Square), the United Kingdom Beneficent Association, the Associated Societies for the Protection of Women and Children, the Metropolitan Drinking Fountain and Cattle Trough Association, the Army Scripture Readers' and Soldiers' Friend Society, and the Samaritan Free Hospital for Women and Children (Marylebone Road); £500 each to the Church of England Central Society for Providing Homes for Waifs and Strays, the Birmingham and Midland Eye Hospital at Birmingham, the Home for Consumptive Females (57, Gloucester Place), the Temporary Relief Fund in connection with the United Kingdom Beneficent Association, the Royal Naval Scripture Readers' Society, the Postal and Telegraph Christian Association (W. District Institute), the Travellers' Aid Society, the Thames Church Mission, the Missions to Seamen (Buckingham Street, Strand), the Indigent Blind Visiting Society (Red Lion Square), and the Curates' Augmentation Fund; £200 to the Cripples' Home and Industrial School for Girls (Marylebone Road); and on the death of Elizabeth Honor Darwall £1000 each to the Children's Hospital and the Royal Orthopedic and Spinal Hospital, both at Birmingham; and £500 to the Birmingham Sanatorium, Blackwell. She also bequeaths £15,000, upon trust, for her niece Ann Maria Tate, her husband and children; £15,000, upon trust, for her nephew-in-law Francis James Tate, his wife and children; £5000 to her brother-in-law Major-General Graydon; £5000, upon trust, for Elizabeth Honor Darwall, for life, and then as to one moiety as she shall appoint; £3500 to Susan Holmes; and many other legacies. The residue of her property she gives to Ann Maria Tate, Elizabeth Honor Darwall, and Mabel Augusta Freeth in equal shares.

The will (dated April 25, 1890), with two codicils (dated May 24, 1891, and Jan. 25, 1893), of Mr. John Hill, of St. Margaret's, Leigham Court Road, Streatham, who died on March 22, was proved on May 22 by John Hartland, the nephew, Douglas Cow, and John Trewren, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £55,000. The testator bequeaths his collection of real bronzes, carved ivories, Chelsea and Oriental china, enamels, lac, jade, oil



THE ROYAL CORINTHIAN YACHT CLUB RACE CUP.

The Royal Corinthian Yacht Club had a silver cup presented by the late Mr. A. J. Corry, and it is to be raced for on Monday, July 9, with two other prizes, the course being from Ramsgate to Calais, and back to Ramsgate. The cup, valued at £50, was specially designed and manufactured by the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, Regent Street.

paintings, and water-colour drawings, sketches and studies by H. Stacy Marks, R.A., collectively to be called "The John Hill Collection," to such member of her Majesty's Government as may be charged with the promotion of art education, as ex-officio trustee for the South Kensington Museum, in gratitude for the pleasure and profit he has derived from his visits to the said Museum; and £250 each to the London Orphan Asylum (Watford), the Home for Incurables (Clapham Road), the Deaf and Dumb Asylum (Old Kent Road), the Great Western Railway Widows and Orphans' Benevolent Fund, and the London General Porters' Benevolent Association. He also bequeaths £3500, and all his furniture

and effects, excepting those specifically bequeathed to his wife, Mrs. Sarah Sophia Hill; £7500 four per cent. railway debentures upon the trusts of his marriage settlement for the benefit of his wife and her children; £3000 to his sister Mary Hill; £2000 to the Incumbent and Churchwardens of Newnham, Gloucestershire, to provide a chime clock and two park seats for the pleasure grounds, the remainder to be invested, and the income applied, first, in keeping same in repair, and next, in providing warm clothing for the deserving poor of the said parish; £1000 to his niece Elizabeth Ann Hartland; £500 to his cousin James Bennett; and many legacies to stepchildren, executors, persons in the employ of his late firm and others. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he gives to his nephew John Hartland.

The will (dated Feb. 20, 1891) of Mr. Henry Webb, of Redstone Manor House, Reigate, who died on March 24, has been proved by Charles Nichols and Francis Nalder, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £50,000. The testator bequeaths £500 to his daughter Blanche Webb; £100 each to his executors; £5000, upon trust, for his daughter-in-law, Jessie Webb, and his granddaughter, Jessie Henrietta Webb; and there are specific bequests of pictures, furniture, and effects to children as they shall select. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves one third to his son Sydney Webb; one third, upon trust, for his daughter Martha Ellen Radley; and one third, upon trust, for his daughter Blanche Webb.

The will (dated July 18, 1888) of Mr. Nathaniel David Lyon, of 2, Blomfield Road, Maida Vale, who died on April 29 at Paris, was proved on June 2 by Miss Mary Miriam Lyon, the sister and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £36,000. The testator gives, devises, and bequeaths all his real and personal estate to his said sister absolutely.

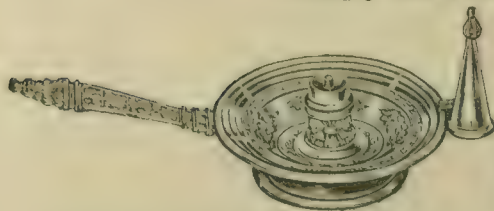
The will (dated May 29, 1890) of Mr. William Du Buisson, D.L., J.P., of Glynhir, Carmarthenshire, who died on May 3, at Torquay, was proved on June 2 by Arthur Edmund Du Buisson, the nephew, and William Herman Du Buisson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £22,000. The testator leaves £500 and all his jewellery, horses, and carriages to his wife, Mrs. Mary Du Buisson; £600 per annum and his furniture and effects, live and dead farming stock to her for life; £1000 to his niece, Edith Victor; £500 each to his nephews, Edward William Du Buisson and John Clement Du Buisson; £300 to his niece, Margaret Du Buisson; and legacies to his cousin and executor, Mr. W. H. Du Buisson, sister, wife's sister, footman, and late coachman. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his nephew, Arthur Edmund Du Buisson.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Sheriff Court of Aberdeen, Kincardine, and Banff, of the joint will (dated Sept. 8, 1870), with a codicil (dated April 2, 1883) of Captain George Skene Tayler, late commander R.N., of Inchgarth, Aberdeen, who died on March 18, granted to Mrs. Anna Maria Tayler, the widow, the executrix nominate, was resealed in London on May 31, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to £9827.

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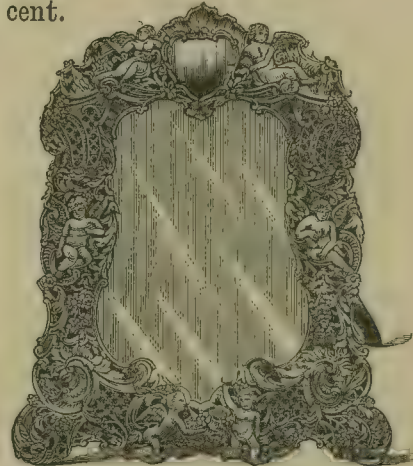
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As the surest means of protection against the prevailing epidemic of Diphtheria and all contagious diseases, adopt a daily system of disinfecting with IZAL, which speedily kills offensive smells and all infectious germs. The disinfecting properties of IZAL are enormous, covering the whole field of infection, and as a destroyer of virulent germs, it possesses disinfectant power four times greater than that of pure carbolic acid, at the same time being entirely free from the frightful dangers attending the use of carbolic disinfectants. Diluted in the proportion of one part of IZAL to 200 parts of water, or 1 ounce of IZAL to 10 pints of water, it will effectually kill the germs of Diphtheria, Smallpox, Cholera, Scarlet Fever, Influenza, Typhus and Typhoid Fevers. Being *non-poisonous*, it is safe to use under all conditions. Being *non-caustic*, it will not benumb the hands nor irritate the skin, and is also invaluable for washing wounds and in surgical dressings. Being *non-corrosive*, it will neither stain nor injure furniture, carpets, bedding, linen, or surgical instruments. IZAL is so cheap that in every household, school, institute, and business establishment, sinks, traps, pans, w.c.'s, drains, gutters, and all sources of offensive odours can be flushed at fractional cost, a 2s. 6d. bottle, which is a handy size for family use, making 30 gallons of powerful germ-destroying, reliable disinfectant.

"IZAL diluted in the strength of only 1 in 200 completely"
"destroyed in five minutes the vitality of the germs of Cholera,"
"Diphtheria, Typhoid Fever, Pneumonia, Anthrax, and"
"Glanders. In the same degree of dilution it also destroyed"
"in five minutes the microbes which cause putrefaction and"
"the formation of abscesses. Similar experiment with Carbolic"
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"disinfecting power whatsoever. In a still weaker dilution (1 in"
"300) IZAL killed the germs of Scarlet Fever and Erysipelas."
"Its disinfecting properties were also tested with satisfactory"
"results on morbid materials derived from various infectious"
"disorders—diphtheritic membrane, the discharge from the"
"bowels of patients suffering from Typhoid Fever, matter from"
"Festering Sores, the discharge of Glanders, &c.—with"
"entire success."
"Careful experiments were also made to determine"
"whether IZAL had any hurtful effects on the economy at"
"large, with the result that it is entirely free from detrimental"
"effects of any kind whatsoever."

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THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

I may be very stupid, but I do not quite understand the assumed position of the young authors of "The Blackmailers," two able and enthusiastic young men, fond of the stage, students of dramatic literature in all countries, but who, having written a play on a disagreeable subject, turn round and say, "It is no child of mine." Mr. John Gray and Mr. André Raffolovich clearly believed in the subject of "The Blackmailers," or they would not have written it. They certainly had faith in its success, or they would not have taken a theatre in which to produce it. They evidently had confidence in their judgment, or they would not have asked their friends to come and see it. I cannot conceive they would have been so unwise as to leave their poor play alone at rehearsals unattended; nor do I understand the position of an author who, having taken and paid for a theatre in order to show his own work, in which he believed, allows any stage manager or director in existence to alter the motive or the fabric of the play. Suggestions at rehearsal from practical people are of the greatest possible value. They often help a play on to success. But no stage manager or director is ever permitted to change the tone, style, or dramatic method of a play. That would be intolerable. It must stand or fall by the author's intention, and it frequently fails because the author's ideas are

not in the least carried out by the actors and actresses. On the other hand, more often than not, clever actors and actresses help the lame dog of an author over the stile. What I should like to know is in what respect the play as it was written and intended to be acted by the authors differs from the play that we all saw produced at the Prince of Wales's Theatre? Apart from the subject, which I consider essentially disagreeable, and unnaturally forced for the purposes of the stage, it was the character of the hero that fogged me completely. What was he, this young Blackmailer? A good man, a weak man, or a detestable scoundrel? I could not make him out. He started full of virtuous sentiment; he tried hard to struggle against and resist temptation; he argued with and lectured a young friend as if he were his own tutor at the University or the head master of a public school; he became the catspaw of a scoundrel, but he ever refused to pick the chestnuts out of the fire. Then all on a sudden this much-tempted youth and hater of blackmailing in any form turns out the most outrageous rascal who ever appeared in dramatic print. Out at elbows as he is, with cash and credit gone, threatened with a criminal prosecution on the instant, his family comes very nobly to his assistance. Men in this predicament are generally allowed to sink without a helping hand. But when the family offer to get this reprobate out of his hobble and send him off to the Colonies, what does he do? He turns round like a cur and snaps at the assisting fingers. He bullies and black-

guards a venerable old gentleman whose grey hairs should at least be respected, he insults his uncles, his cousins, and his aunts, and, worst of all, he turns round and grossly insults his own mother, whose one sin has been her leniency towards this cub. Having grossly insulted his family, and by inexcusable cruelty brought tears into his mother's eyes, he thinks he will commit suicide. But he is too much of a coward for that, and sneaks off to Paris to cheat and blackmail more people, rather glorying in his power of imitating the criminal classes. The play ends with the mother's regret that such a blackguard should disgrace humanity. Well, it is not a cheerful subject, however we consider it. There may be University and public-school men who would blackmail innocent women and blackmail their own mothers. But they are in a hopeless minority, and it is scarcely worth while to write plays in order to advertise such abnormal cases of depravity. At any rate, this is not holding the mirror up to nature. It is showing an unnatural monster in a very dirty and dusty looking-glass. It will be a grievous thing if our clever young men who would and could write well for the stage are led away into the fool's paradise full of faddists and eccentrics. The public has not called for this kind of work, and does not want it. They want pictures of men and women, not monsters. The public taste is not diseased, it is healthy; and, in my humble opinion, the men and women who waste their talent over "Mrs. Lessinghams" and "Blackmailers," and these kind of

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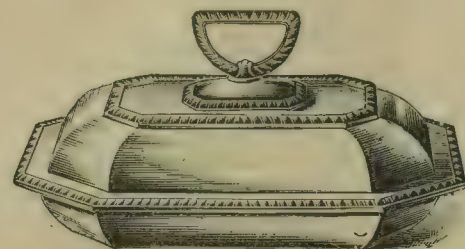
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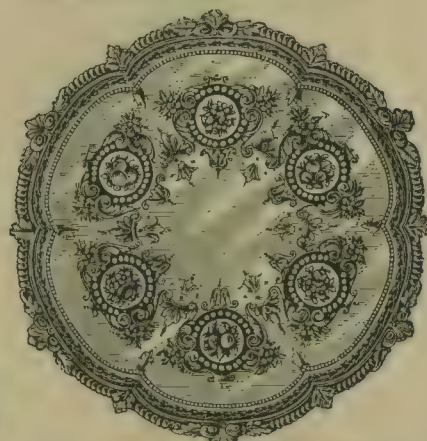


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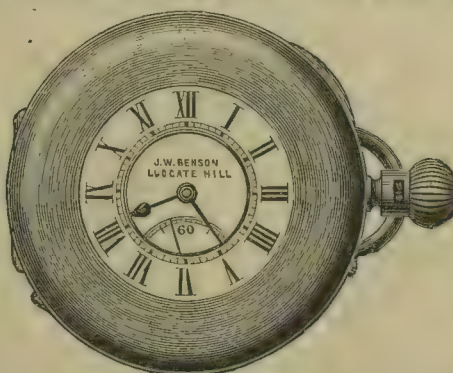
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people, waste their time also, and the time of the public, which is worse.

As you were! This is the order that has gone forth from the Lord Chamberlain's office. Certain of the law officers have pronounced against the famous circular on the simple plea that the Lord Chamberlain cannot license plays in places where plays cannot legally be performed. So the circular has been withdrawn. I am sorry for it, because I had hoped that the small stir it made would have drawn attention to and secured a settlement of the whole amusement question on the very sound and satisfactory basis suggested by the last Committee of the House of Commons: All places of amusement should be placed for licensing purposes and for examining purposes under one authority. The same authority who gives the license to perform should give the license for the play, ballet, song, interlude, or sketch performed. Years ago I tried my hardest to secure the appointment of an Under-Secretary of State at the Home Office whose sole duty should be the direction of amusements all over the United Kingdom. He would have inspectors attached to his office, corresponding to the existing Inspectors of Mines and Factories. As Mr. John Hollingshead has repeatedly pointed out, there

is an immense labour question involved in amusements, and a necessity for Governmental aid. But the Home Office and every other office suggested shirked the responsibility. They had quite enough to do without adding to their labours. So, failing a new department at the Home Office devoted to amusements, there was nothing to be done but to ask the Lord Chamberlain, in whom both sides had faith, to extend his labours and jurisdiction. If the Lord Chamberlain licenses theatres and licenses plays acted in theatres, why should he not also license variety theatres, music-halls, &c., of every description, and, in addition to that, examine and pass all the entertainments given therein? This is, at any rate, the logical and common-sense view of the question. To compel a theatre manager to send in his pantomimes, burlesques, and songs for official license, and to allow music-hall sketches, pantomimes, burlesques, and songs to go free, does seem just a little absurd and inconsistent, does it not? But now that the famous circular is withdrawn we are exactly where we were before, with the stupid old Georgian Act in existence, with illegal sketches unlicensed at all the halls, and with the theatre-managers watching over their natural prey as a cat does a mouse. Nay, we are in greater danger still,

unless the law and the Government come forward to help the people to happiness. The next move will be an "Anti-Theatre and Amusement League," in order to shut up our playhouses, to place a ban on pleasure, and drive the tyrannised people to the meeting-houses of the sour-faced Puritans!

At the Croydon Clock Factory on June 7, a large hour bell, weighing 36 cwt. of metal, was cast in the presence of the Mayor and some other members of the Corporation, being part of the gift of Alderman F. T. Edridge, including the clock and chimes, for the tower of the new municipal buildings. These buildings, in Katherine Street, Croydon, are now being erected at a cost of £100,000.


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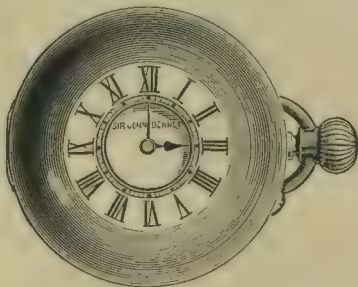
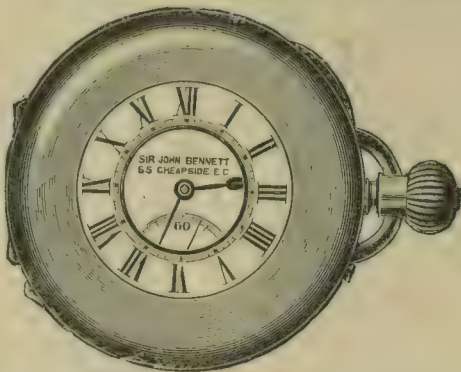


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The winter season on the Riviera is rendered much more enjoyable by the facilities of access to Monaco and Monte Carlo, with the multitude of quick trains on the double line of railway between Nice and Mentone, enabling parties to return, after a performance at a theatre or a concert, or in the evening after dinner to any of the towns on the coast where visitors are accustomed to sojourn.

The Monte Carlo Theatre, under the able director, M. Raoul Gunsbourg, opened this season with "Niniche," in which Judic achieved a success equal to that of her best days, assisted by a company all of whom gained their share of applause; the aristocratic and fashionable audience comprised many who came to Monte Carlo from Nice and Cannes, and from Mentone; among those present were the Grand Duchess Peter of Russia and the Grand Duchess of Leuchtenberg.

The programme of the Monte Carlo Theatre continued with "La Fille de Madame Angot," performed by Mesdames Montebazon and Gilberte, Messrs. David and Paul Bert; "Mon Prince," by Audran; and "Ruy Blas," with Mounet-Sully, on Jan. 9. The director had secured the first representation, out of Paris, of "Mon Prince," which in the capital had achieved so great a success.

The programme from March 10 to April 1 consisted of two representations every week in the following order: "Samson et Dalila," by Saint-Saëns, with Madame Deschamps-Jehin, Saléza and Fabre; "La Sonambula," Madame Marcella Sembrich, Messrs. Queyria and Boudouresque, fils; Amy Robsart, by Isidore de Lara, with Madame Sembrich and Messrs. Melchisedec and Queyria; "Rigoletto," "La Fille du Régiment"; and on April 17, to close, "Les Dragons de Villars," performed by Mlle. Elvén, M. Queyria, and M. Boudouresque, fils.

In the meantime, on March 15, the above list of entertainments at the theatre was accompanied by other interesting proceedings at Monte Carlo.

There are the Conférences to be held by M. Francisque Sarcey. Twice a week, Thursday and Sunday, there are the Classical and International Concerts, under the competent direction of M. Arthur Steck.

Every day will have its artistic performance and attraction.

The International Fine Arts Exhibition, opened from Jan. 16, is superior to those of past years, in the choice and value of the works collected, paintings by great masters, and in the arrangements made by the efforts of the distinguished president, M. Georges de Dramard.

Her Serene Highness Princess Alice has accepted the honorary presidency of the committee of patrons and patronesses. Among the names are Messrs. Bonnat, Gérôme, Jules Lefebvre, Detaille, and Barrias, of the Institut, Bartholdi, Burne-Jones, Carolus Duran, Edouard, Sir Frederick Leighton, De Madrazo, Paolo Michetti, Munkacsy, and Alfred Stevens. The managing committee, with M. de Dramard, have been able to collect examples of the most esteemed French and foreign artists.

Monte Carlo has other recreations and pastimes; it affords lawn tennis, pigeon-shooting, fencing, and various sports, exercises, and amusements; besides the enjoyment of sunshine and pure air in the marvellously fine climate, where epidemic diseases are unknown.

Visitors coming to Monte Carlo, if it be only for one day or a few hours, find themselves in a place of such charming beauty and manifold delight. Breakfasting or dining at one of the renowned establishments here, and meeting persons of their acquaintance, they find all the gaiety of Parisian life, while scenes of fairyland, at every turn and every glance, are presented to the eye, and winter here does not exist.

SUMMER TOURS IN NORWAY.—Tour of TWELVE DAYS to the WEST COAST and FIORDS of NORWAY. The well-known steam yacht, ST. SUNNIVA, will leave Leith during the season as under: June 25, July 7, and 21; August 4 and 18. Berths can be secured and full particulars, with Handbooks, obtained in London from W. Beattie, 102, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.; Sewell and Crowther, 18, Cockspur Street, S.W.; and branches, Thos. Cook and Son, Ludgate Circus, and branches; H. Gaze and Son, 142, Strand; and branches; or from G. Houston, 64, Constitution Street, Leith, and Chas. Merrylees, Northern Wharf, Aberdeen.

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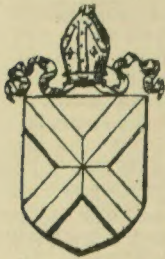
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OBITUARY.

THE BISHOP OF BATH AND WELLS.

The Right Rev. Lord Arthur Charles Herve, D.D., Bishop of Bath and Wells, died on June 9, at his son-in-law's residence at Basingstoke. Lord Arthur was born Aug. 20, 1808. He was fourth son of Frederick William, first Marquis of Bristol, whose father, Frederick Augustus, Earl of Bristol, was Bishop of Derry. The late Bishop was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he obtained a first class in classics. He was appointed, in 1832, Rector of Ickworth, and in 1853 Rector of Horningsheath. Having been for some years Archdeacon of Sudbury, he was in 1869 consecrated



Bishop of Bath and Wells. Lord Arthur married, in 1839, Patience, daughter of Mr. John Singleton, and leaves issue.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Anna Maria, Dowager Baroness de Blaquiére, on June 7, at 3, Coleherne Mansions, South Kensington. Lady de Blaquiére was only child of Mr. John Wormald of Brockworth Manor. She married, in 1862, William Barnard, fifth Baron de Blaquiére, Captain R.N., but had no issue.

Sir Matthew Baillie Begbie, on June 11, aged seventy-five. He was formerly Chief Justice of British Columbia, retiring in 1876.

Mr. Edward Owen Crichton, on June 7, aged seventy,

one of the oldest Engineer officers in the Navy. He entered the service in 1842, and retired in 1882. Four years later he was given the rank of retired Fleet Engineer.

Mr. Corney Grain must have very nearly attained his jubilee as regards the composition of musical sketches. Some time ago it was announced that he had written more than forty, and now we have to record another added to the long list. It is a happy satire, entitled "Bond Street, 4 p.m." which is a vague enough theme for pleasant discursiveness in song and speech for Mr. Corney Grain. There is no cause for wonder that the German Reeds' Entertainment at St. George's Hall retains its attraction while its triple bill includes "A Big Bandit," "Walls have Ears," and the above-mentioned sketch. Mr. Alfred German Reed is a tower of strength in the programme.

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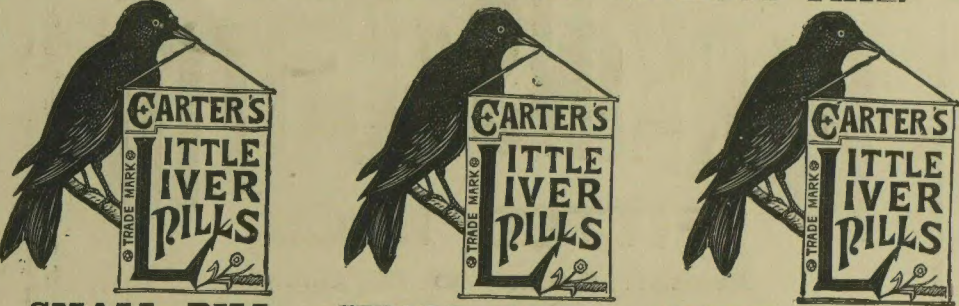
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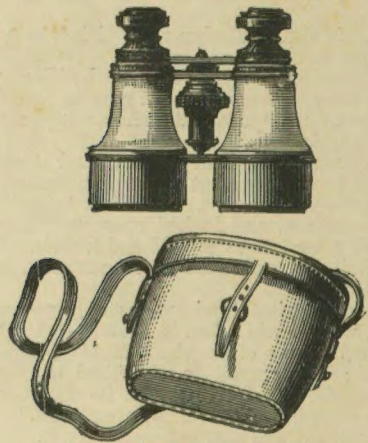


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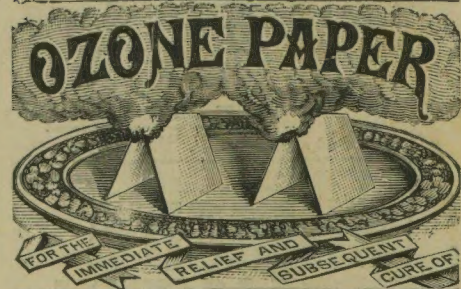
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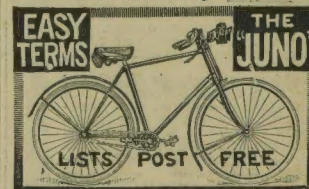
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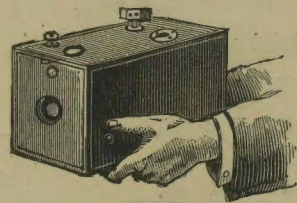
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